

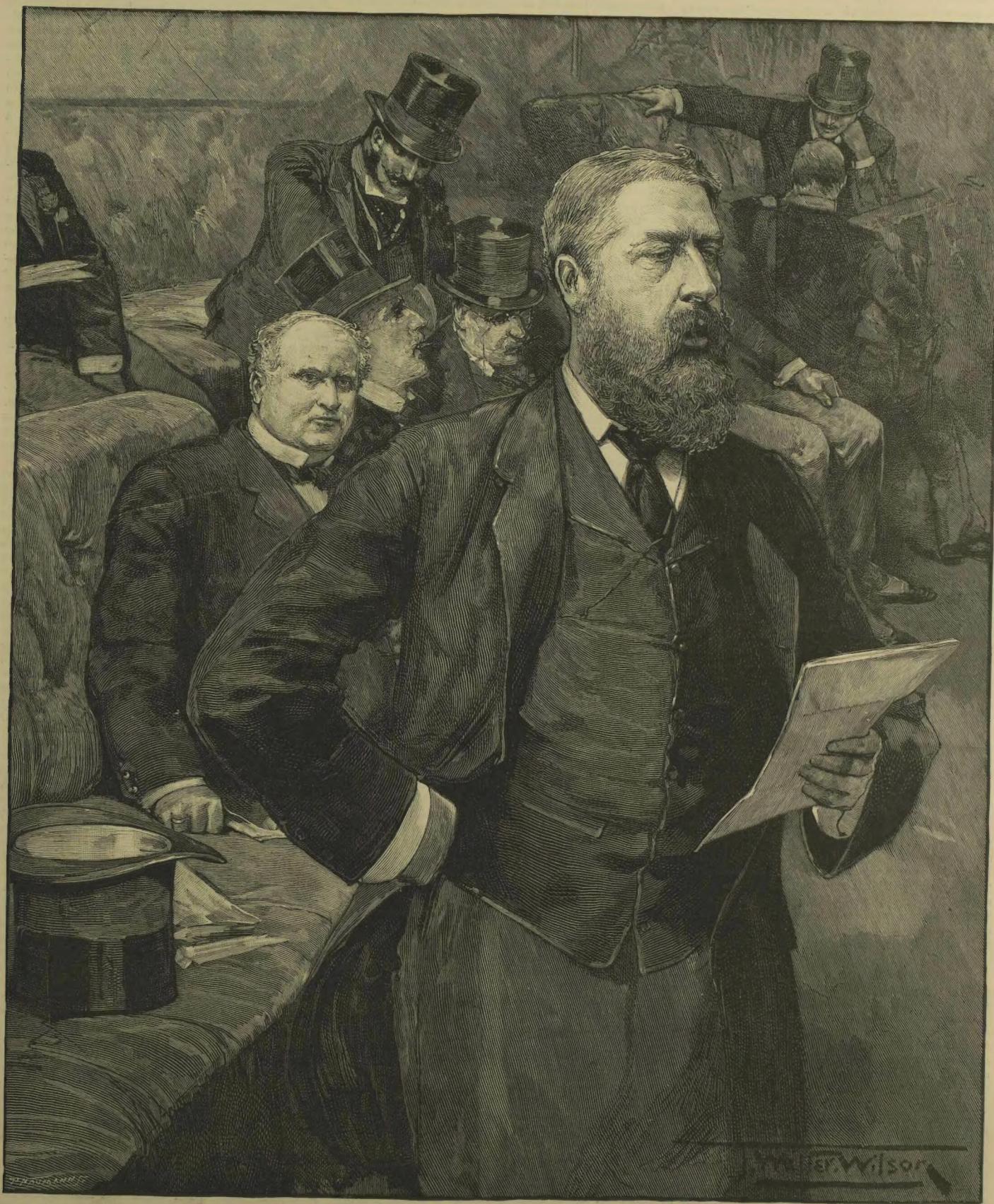
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



"I desire on the part of a large number of members of your lordships' House to say one or two words to express how entirely we agree in all that has fallen from the noble Lord upon the great calamity which has befallen this land. It is impossible for me to add much or anything to what has been already said. The fairest prospects have been

suddenly eclipsed, and the deepest grief has fallen upon the Sovereign of this country and upon the illustrious parents of the Prince whom we have lost. Though we cannot hope by anything we may to give them much consolation, yet this they know—that a world-wide Empire mourns with them."—HOUSE OF LORDS, FEB. 9, 1892.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The demand for human hair in France, we read, is greater now than even among the American Indians as depicted by Fenimore Cooper. A young woman's crop of blonde hair sells for eighty pounds. "On the Continent," we read, "it is quite usual for girls to dispose of their tresses in order to procure them a marriage portion." One can imagine, however, an intending bridegroom, though of frugal mind and with an eye to the main chance, being a little staggered at the spectacle of a shorn fiancée. A story, which in respect to novelty of plot would satisfy even Mr. Howells, might be told of a young woman courted by A and B, preferring the former, but obliged to put up with the latter in consequence of the sale of her love-locks. Long white or grey hair fetches, we are told, from its rarity, very much larger sums; but it would be more difficult to make a love story out of that. Some old ladies, however, might be induced to part with their hair to procure a marriage portion for their granddaughters, a sacrifice which would admit of very tender treatment: "Yes, my dear, a skull-cap, as you say, is not very becoming; but what does that signify since Mary Jane is so nicely settled in life?"

The new tent adopted by the German army is divisible into two portions, each of which is to be used as a great coat. It is rather heavy, but that inconvenience will cheerfully be endured in view of the comfort to be derived from it at night. Moreover, it is calculated that it will promote good-fellowship in the army. When one's comrade carries half one's tent upon him, one naturally becomes interested in his whereabouts as evening approaches. Quite a new emotion will now belong to the searcher of a well-fought field: "Is it your father or is it your brother that you are looking for among these prostrate persons?" "I am looking for neither of them, but I am very anxious about the other half of my tent, which is lying about here somewhere."

The old clock of St. Paul's is, it is said, to be replaced by a larger one, and "Great Paul" will in future strike the hours and quarters. Great Scott! how glad I am I do not live in the neighbourhood. The most sleepless night I remember was owing to the town clock in a certain watering-place, which stood within a few yards of the hotel where I was staying. Unhappily, I was put in a room which looked out upon it. Up to midnight it seemed that the long hours ran into the quarters and half-hours, so that the iron tongue never ceased; but a hope arose that when the small hours came I might fall asleep in the intervening thirteen or fourteen minutes. No such relief took place; I was always listening for the next quarter, "waiting for the cock to crow." How naturally is the conduct of the genius shut up in the bottle, and sealed with Solomon's seal, portrayed by the Arabian story-teller! At first he is hopeful and even chivalrous, will lavishly reward anyone who releases him from confinement; then after a few hundred years he loses his temper—"If anybody helps me" (as the poor fisherman did) "I will let him know what for!" So at first, when worried by a town clock, one is resigned and hopes for the best; but as the hours roll on one throws things about and sweats at large. In the morning the hotel manager apologised, but made light of my tortures; other guests had not objected, and so on. "Did you ever dare put a director of your hotel company on that side of the house?" I asked, and he confessed that he never had, which settled the question. That town clock is now only permitted to strike in the daytime, but I never see its face without longing to shun a stone at it.

The Society of the White Rose had a bad time of it for their demonstration the other day. No matter how sacred may be the object of a procession, it must needs be a fiasco in wet weather. Let once the pilgrims be "bedraggled" and all is over with the pilgrimage. As regards the impression produced upon outsiders, some lines were quoted apropos of these damp enthusiasts, as they stood at the gate of the Royal Chapel, which, if overheard by them, must have been offensive, though not intended to be so—

The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,

Which Mary to Anna conveyed.

Anything conveyed by Mary to Anna must to them have seemed the height of disloyalty. Would it not be better that all centenaries, jubilees, and anniversaries should be advertised, in this country at least, with the proviso "weather permitting"? To persons who have the power of interesting themselves in such distant dates the delay of a day or two cannot be of much account, and it would make all the difference as regards failure or success.

The *Athenaeum* tells us that some wily publishers send their authors only the unfavourable notices of their books, so that they shall expect no cheque for their sale, or be satisfied with a very small one. An author must be very much the reverse of "wily" to be taken in so easily, and must also be a resident in some place like St. Kilda, or he would have the opportunity of seeing reviews, if he wanted to see them, for himself. Moreover, as a general rule, authors exceedingly resent having unfavourable notices of their books sent to them. "When I say send the reviews," they write, "of course I only mean the good

reviews." And quite right too. There are authors so amazingly egotistic that they want to know every word that is written about them, however unpleasant; but these persons would certainly not be satisfied with getting only the "slatings."

In the article on "Literary Property" in the current number of the *Author* there are some interesting statements in connection with the subject of editor and contributor; it is the former, of course, who is complained of, for an editor has few friends—and has very often cause to wish that he had none at all. There are, however, some just grounds for being dissatisfied with him. Conductors of magazines often keep manuscripts too long, and sometimes on the chance that they may find them useful; and unless this is done with the consent of the contributor it is manifestly unfair. In the case of a large manuscript, the writer of the article thinks that three months should be the limit of time for the editor's (or "reader's") making up his mind upon it. This seems reasonable enough; but it is noteworthy that the authors of rejected works do not like to see them back too promptly (being always under the fixed impression that they have not been read), and it is often in tenderness for their feelings that the thing is retained. The honest indignation with which the idea of printing a contribution in a magazine and not paying for it fills the writer in question is wholesome to witness. In these times no respectable magazine does so treat its clients, but I can remember many a one, in my salad days, which considered that admission to its columns was reward enough for anybody. When you wrote for your cheque, the editor did not say, "We run this show gratuitously," but, "At present we are not in a position to afford pecuniary compensation to our contributors." Like the extortionate innkeeper, he bore the withdrawal of your patronage with great equanimity, since he never expected "to see the same gentleman twice."

As to remuneration, we are told that, "rightly or wrongly, no magazine throughout the civilised world has as yet publicly notified any fixed scale"; and this is only natural, for if a periodical pays its contributors badly it is not likely it should advertise the fact, and if at a high rate, the notification of it would cause the editor to be inundated with manuscripts, nineteen twentieths of which would be absolutely valueless. Authors themselves seem to be sometimes conscious of their very moderate merit, for though some write, "I shall expect your usual remuneration," others say, "My price for the enclosed"—a manuscript, to judge by the bulk, of about fifty thousand words—"is two guineas."

Mr. Farini's account in the *Daily Graphic* of the acrobatic profession will make many a paterfamilias sigh with envy. Why! oh, why! did he not know the advantages of that calling before Tom and Bob got too stiff in their limbs? "When house and land are gone and spent," or when one has neither one nor the other, "then learning is most excellent," but not book-learning. Languages will not help our boys, not even the dead ones: as to the living ones, their translation (as a calling) is starvation, and the teaching them as bad; but to be able to throw summersaults backward, and especially on horseback, is a gift indeed worth cultivation. "Everyone is not capable of becoming a star" in this particular firmament, "but all can earn much more than a City clerk." At an age, indeed, when City clerks get ten shillings a week, even if commercial life is not its own reward, nor demands a premium for the privilege of working for an employer, the youthful aerobat maintains himself—on one leg. He is "lunged," it is true, like a horse, but he does not work like a horse. He "has usually robust health," and sometimes performs "as well as ever at sixty-five years of age." I have not yet reached that period of life, but "ground," much more "lofty," tumbling is utterly beyond me. Why was I not brought up on the sawdust, instead of the oatmeal of literature? "Gymnasts receive from £6 up to £165 a week, according to the novelty of the act." If the novelty of the act was all, I should, at that rate, be realising this moment more than £8000 a year. Acrobats are of two kinds, aerial and par terre. For choice, the latter class (who have no distance to fall) would best suit me, and especially that section of it which confine themselves to "lying on their backs and tossing children"—other people's children preferred—pirouettes in the air and catching them on their feet."

The man who gives up his seat in the omnibus and goes outside on a wet day, "to oblige a lady," is—a gentleman. With the roof between them he cannot look for a return in the way of personal graciousness: his self-sacrifice is complete, and the consciousness of it all that he has got to comfort him when the influenza comes on which he catches in consequence of it. When he vacates his seat in the Underground, and stands up in the crowded carriage, from the same benevolent motive, things are not quite so bad: he is in the presence of the obliged object, who, let us hope, at least looks her thanks; and though most of the passengers of his own sex may think him a fool for his pains, he compels the admiration of the minority. Still, he has no more chance of any compensation from the lady than—to put an extreme case—out of the railway company. However beautiful she may be, or however rich

she may appear, he can hardly hand her his card and say, "I am at home 10 a.m. and after 6 p.m.," or "A note with enclosure will always find me at this address." It would not be a chivalrous thing to do, and would greatly detract from the apparent unselfishness of the original proceeding. But with a lady who gives up her seat to oblige a gentleman, matters are very different: she does not do it, of course, for everybody, but selects some ancient invalid who bears about him unmistakable evidence of the possession of wealth, and he naturally asks for her address. A lady of Troy—perhaps a Miss Helen somebody—in the United States, has just had an experience of this nature. She stood up in a tramcar in order that an aged invalid might take her seat, and—much better than accepting the Chiltern Hundreds—she has been very properly presented by him with a diamond necklace. It would be interesting to note the effect of such a piece of fortune on the future behaviour of the recipient. Would she go on standing up in tramcars to oblige old gentlemen, or never do it again, from the conviction that such luck could not occur twice to the same individual? To our own sex, as has been said, these rewards of virtue are impossible, but if a man has drawn a prize in a German State lottery, does he ever—The question, however, is superfluous, for no one, so far as I am aware (though I have known many who have subscribed to them) ever has drawn a prize in a German State lottery.

Maréchale Booth-Clibborn informs us, through the columns of the *War Cry*, that she spent a whole morning visiting New York millionaires. Though sometimes she did not meet with even common politeness, they were generally gushing, and ready with any amount of sympathetic talk; but as to material assistance, she did not obtain the cost of her cars. This seems very curious when one remembers how this class of person is always wishing to be "free of the burthen of their wealth," and delighted, as one would imagine, at the opportunity of bestowing it on a good object. The female millionaire, according to this witness, is the least agreeable of the species.

The scandal arising from bought sermons, which unfortunately are often sold in duplicate and even triplicate, has caused at least one Bishop henceforth to forbid their use in his diocese. He has no objection to his clergy preaching the sermons of other divines if the authorship is acknowledged, and even considers that an original discourse once a week is as much as can be reasonably expected from the average curate; but there must be no duplicity in the matter. There has always been a danger in the purchased sermon. So early as James the Second's time, we read of a country clergyman who electrified his congregation by the statement that it was "for their vices that Providence has afflicted them and their families with that cruel pestilence which is spreading everywhere in this town." He had omitted to read the discourse right through, or he would have known that this referred to the Great Plague in London. Recognition of the borrowed work, if from a well-known source, is also always possible, or nearly always. A Welsh curate confessed to the following ingenious plan for evading it, which must, however, have given him a great deal of trouble: "I've got a volume of sermons by one Tillotson, and a very good book it is; so I translate them into Welsh, and then back again into English; after which not Tillotson himself would know them again."

Now that the influenza is loosing its grip of us, we can afford to recall its more humorous features. When nurses were not to be procured for their weight in gold, every other kind of service suffered in a greater or less degree. "Papa has been cooking," said a little lady, describing the exigencies of the season, "mamma has been making the beds; and Mr. Jones, in the Crescent, had to be buried with brown horses because all the black ones were engaged."

In the very interesting and generally kindly "Reminiscences" of "A. K. H. B." rather hard measure is dealt to Anthony Trollope. A more generous-hearted man it would have been hard to find, but he had not what is called in the medical world "a good bedside manner," nor even a good tea-table one. Though he drew the clergy so admirably, it is more than possible that in an assembly of divines of the stricter sort he may not have felt quite at home, and his language, often stronger than the occasion demanded, seems to have fluttered them. But the wonder is, to those who bear in mind Trollope's bringing-up, that he was so soft-spoken as he was. In the whole range of literary autobiography there is no sadder reading than the account he gives of his school-time and adolescence. The circumstances of Dickens's boyhood were even more cruel and more sordid; but he emerged from it early, and at five-and-twenty attained an unexpected prosperity that never deserted him; whereas Trollope waited for long years for even the feeblest gleam of encouragement. So far from being surprised at his rough ways, one reflects with admiration upon the patience and perseverance which might well have failed, and left him, with far greater excuse, as morose as Swift. Circumstance affects us all far more than moralists are willing to admit, but most of all when it makes our youth a period of unlooked-for poverty and unjust contempt.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The Session has begun with a chapter of accidents which is unique. First, we have voted the Address with almost unprecedented expedition. If Ministers had been assured that they would in five nights see the end of those alarms and excursions which make up the discussion of the Queen's Speech, they would have been incredulous. If they had been told that nobody would talk about that Speech, but that the debate would range over the oratory of the recess, and would finally be closed at an inconvenient moment by an obtrusive member of the Opposition, they would have received the information with derision. I do not know whether the shade of Mr. Smith is permitted to revisit the Treasury Bench, but if that affable, familiar ghost was within the precincts of the House when Mr. Walter McLaren suddenly moved the closure, and the Government Whips, who had expected the debate to be again adjourned, presented their chiefs with a majority of only twenty-one against Mr. Sexton's amendment, I am afraid the incorporeal essence of the late First Lord of the Treasury must have been painfully agitated. It is part of the business of an Opposition to catch the Ministerial Whips napping if they can, but this has never happened before in the first division of the Session. It was all the more sad, because during the greater part of the evening the Government had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They had seen Mr. John Redmond, the new leader of the Parnellites, descend upon Sir William Harcourt with avenging quotations. Somehow no Irishman loves the Member for Derby. Both sections of the Irish representatives are courteous and deferential to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, but they regard Sir William Harcourt with undisguised suspicion. They seem to look on his portly form as a sort of Trojan horse which may at any moment let loose destruction among their national aspirations. Now, the curious feature of this particular incident was that while Mr. Redmond was pounding away at Sir William, that doughty warrior was absent. After a while Mr. Morley became uneasy, and signals passed along the front Opposition bench. Where was the deputy leader, whose business it is, while Mr. Gladstone is away, to be ready for all comers? The messenger departed in search of the absent chieftain, but the quest was vain, or else Sir William Harcourt was fuming in his tent. He had already experienced one disagreeable encounter with the Irish members, who demanded the release of the dynamiters. Perhaps he had no relish for the oratory of Mr. Redmond, especially as that wily politician was asking a string of most embarrassing questions about the intentions of the Liberal leaders as to Home Rule.

All this was most diverting to the Government, who, after a bad quarter of an hour with the statistics of the Land Purchase Act, were naturally anxious to see the finger of fate playfully tickling the ribs of the Opposition. There might have been even better sport had Sir William Harcourt condescended to grace the scene, for at the end of the front bench sat Mr. Chamberlain, alert and eager, with his brow still decorated with the laurels of his speech on the third night of the Session. Sir William Harcourt had suffered a good deal then from the raking fire of his "right honourable friend," who had paid off some old scores with accumulated interest, and it was pretty clear that any reply from Sir William to Mr. Redmond would be exposed to Mr. Chamberlain's onslaught. But the Member for West Birmingham vainly lay in wait. The prey did not come, and it was scarcely worth while to pour broadsides into Sir George Trevelyan. Sir George was also an object of Mr. Redmond's lively attentions, and his explanation of the relative merits of Home Rule and the rest of the Liberal programme was hailed with flippant mirth. I always listen to Sir George Trevelyan, now with apprehension. I am told that a celebrated philosopher, who used to be tormented by the crowing of a cock, admitted that it was not the crowing which upset his nerves, but the racking of expectation. I have a similar feeling when Sir George is on his legs. You do not know whether he will get through two sentences without making some error of which he will become aware about six sentences further on. If he has to call the attention of the House to three things, he is sure to say the third is more important than the other four. Worst of all, he is wholly insensible to a joke. In the midst of some remarks on the Land Purchase Act he said, "But, Sir, Ireland is not unavenged. I intend to vote for this amendment." He did not mean that this was the vengeance of Ireland; but when the House laughed he stood helplessly wondering at the merriment. Again, he assured the Irish members that he would not insult them by repeating what Lord Londonderry had said of their character and aims. The idea of any Irish member being too delicately sensitive to hear strong language amused the assembly mightily, and from the Irish benches came a joyous cry of "Quote!" Sir George, trembling with indignation, read the appalling invective of the late Viceroy of Ireland without visibly shocking any of the gentlemen to whom it was addressed. Indeed, as Mr. Barton, the new recruit from Ulster, remarked a little later, the dictation of Lord Londonderry was somewhat milder than that which Sir George himself had employed about Irish members in the old days when the Liberal leaders dreamt no more of Home Rule than of the bombardment of Alexandria.

Mr. Barton's most serious defect is his dramatic attitude. He stood as if about to repel by physical force the demon

of revolution who sat smiling at him opposite. It was the pose which I believe was usually adopted by great orators of a bygone day when their noble forms were being reproduced for the print-shops. I felt that Mr. Barton ought to have had a background of dark and heavy curtain, with a distinct view of the British Empire.

Of Mr. Redmond it must be said that his speech ranks with Mr. Chamberlain's amongst the few successes of this chequered debate. The Parnellite leader was forcible, pungent, and yet studiously moderate in tone. Mr. Redmond has long been regarded as a rising man, but this speech has placed him in the handful of Parliamentary speakers to whom the House always listens. As a move in the political game, Mr. Redmond's statement of the Parnellite position was singularly adroit. It was in that respect a performance of which Mr. Parnell himself would not have been ashamed. One of its effects was the unexpected modernization of Mr. Healy, who fell into the plaintive vein which is just as much a part of his strange nature as his customary truculence.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE COLONEL J. A. GRANT, C.B., F.R.S.

Another of the heroes of geographical exploration in the Equatorial Lake and Upper Nile region of East Central

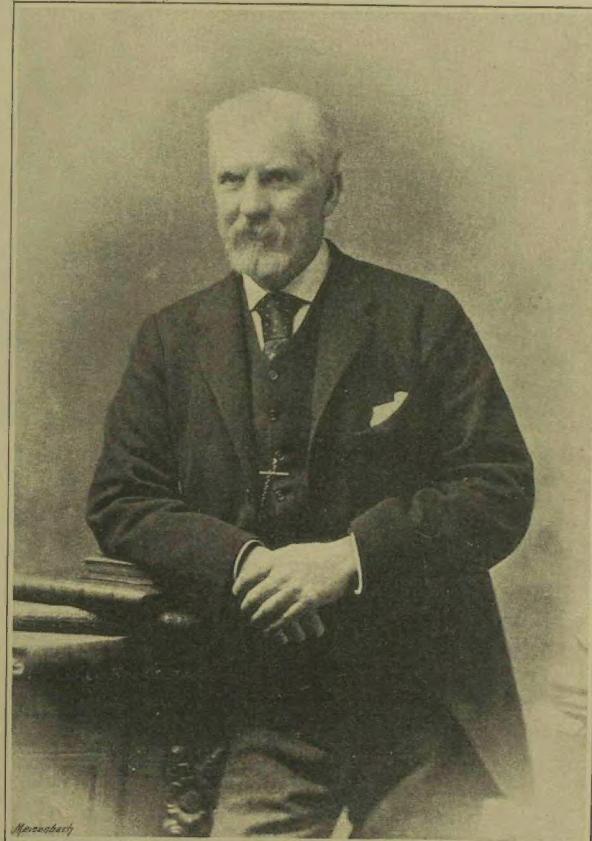


Photo by Mayall and Co.
THE LATE COLONEL J. A. GRANT, C.B., F.R.S.,
AFRICAN EXPLORER.

Africa has passed away. Colonel James Augustus Grant, the companion of Captain Speke in his expedition of 1862 to Lake Victoria Nyanza and its outlet by the Nile, first discovered by Captain Speke, after Captain Burton's discovery of Lake Tanganyika, died on Feb. 11, at Nairn, in the north of Scotland, his residence and birthplace. He was sixty-four years of age. The son of the parish kirk minister at Nairn, he was educated at Aberdeen, and in 1846 entered the Bengal Army, with which he did good service at the siege of Mooltan, the battle of Goojerat, in the Punjab, and with the 78th Highlanders, at Sir Henry Havelock's relief of Lucknow in 1857. Captain Grant joined Captain Speke as an African explorer in 1860, and shared in the public applause with which the travellers were deservedly greeted in 1864 on their return to London. They had met Sir Samuel Baker at Gondokoro. In the narrative of their adventures and observations, written by Grant, entitled "A Walk across Africa," and in his scientific reports to the Royal Geographical and the Linnean Society, there is much interest and some literary merit. He received medals of honour and other tokens of distinction, with continued military promotion, being chief of the Intelligence Department in the Abyssinian Expedition under Lord Napier of Magdala; he was made a Companion of the Bath and of the Star of India. Colonel Grant has left a son who is also an African traveller, and who accompanied Mr. Joseph Thomson's recent expedition to Lake Bangweolo.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EASTBOURNE.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince George and Princesses Victoria and Maud, on

Thursday, Feb. 11, left Marlborough House for Eastbourne, where Compton Place, the Duke of Devonshire's residence, was lent by his Grace for the use of the royal family. Their arrival in the town was greeted with evident sympathy, but in silence, with raising of hats in token of respect, by a crowd of people at the railway station. Compton Place, situated within half a mile of the seashore, is a commodious mansion of no remarkable architectural pretensions, surrounded by trees and secluded grounds. Our Illustrations are supplied by Messrs. G. and R. Lavis, photographers, of Eastbourne. The Prince and Princess of Wales were there last summer for one day, as the guests of the noble owner, when they opened the new wing of the local hospital founded in memory of Princess Alice.

WELCOME HOME TO "GENERAL" BOOTH.

The founder and commander-in-chief of that extraordinary popular religious and philanthropic organisation styled the "Salvation Army," Mr. William Booth, returned home on Saturday, Feb. 13, when he was greeted in London with a street procession and a demonstration in Hyde Park. "General" Booth has been seven months absent in the Cape Colony, Australia, New Zealand, and India. He left Paris and crossed the Channel from Cherbourg in a special steamer, the *Hilda*, on the Friday, landing at Southampton; and his vessel was met in the Solent by a flotilla of seven other steam-boats, conveying nearly 4000 members of the Army, brought down

from London by special trains. Our Illustration of this scene is partly furnished by the aid of a Southampton photographer, Mr. F. G. O. Stuart. The vessels were gaily dressed with flags, and had bands of music on board; one, the *Hercules*, contained the "General's" family and friends, who went on board the *Hilda* while he held a sort of naval review. He addressed a large congregation at the Drill-hall in Southampton. Arriving in London on Saturday afternoon, he entered carriage with Mr. Bramwell Booth, and, followed by other carriages, with the officers of his staff on horseback, a brass band, and a mounted escort, went to Hyde Park, where he was met by a considerable assemblage, with vans full of women and children, banners, emblems, and music in great quantity. They formed up near the Marble Arch, and "General" Booth, who wore a Salvation Army uniform, delivered an address, followed by the singing of hymns. The procession, leaving Hyde Park, went along Oxford Street and Holborn, and by St. Bride Street, Fleet Street, and Bridge Street, Blackfriars, to the headquarters of the Salvation Army in Queen Victoria Street, arriving there soon after five o'clock.

THE DOG SHOW.

The largest dog show that has ever yet taken place, comprising three thousand entries, representing every breed, with specimens from all parts of the world, held at the Agricultural Hall on Wednesday, Feb. 10, and two following days, attracted a great many connoisseurs of canine merit and other visitors. Our Artist has sketched a few of the most remarkable animals exhibited on this occasion.

THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.

Our Illustration is a general view of the scene in the nave of the Crystal Palace, where the instructive exhibition of apparatus belonging to the science and applied arts of electricity has been rendered more complete since its first opening in January, extending further into the western gallery. It comprises the instruments used by the Postal Telegraph Department, and in other Government services; the collection of measuring instruments for electric force, arranged by Sir William Thomson; all manner of telephone apparatus, electric lighting, various batteries and dynamos, and numerous contrivances or improvements, in historical order, from 1837 to the present day. Hours of study may be profitably spent in the inspection of those articles, with a little knowledge of their working.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD ALINGTON.

An event of some interest to fashionable and aristocratic society was the wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Wednesday, Feb. 10, when Lord Arlington married Miss Evelyn Henrietta Leigh, daughter of the late Mr. Blundell Leigh, and of Mrs. Blundell Leigh, of Pont Street, Belgravia. The bride was led to the chancel steps by her brother, Captain Gerard Leigh, 1st Life Guards, who gave her away. Her train was held by two pages, the Hon. Ralph Stonor, son of Lord and Lady Camoys, and Master Astley Corbett. The Rev. Canon Blundell, Rector of Halsall, Ormskirk, Hon. Chaplain to the Queen, cousin of the bride, officiated, assisted by the Rev. H. Montagu Villiers.

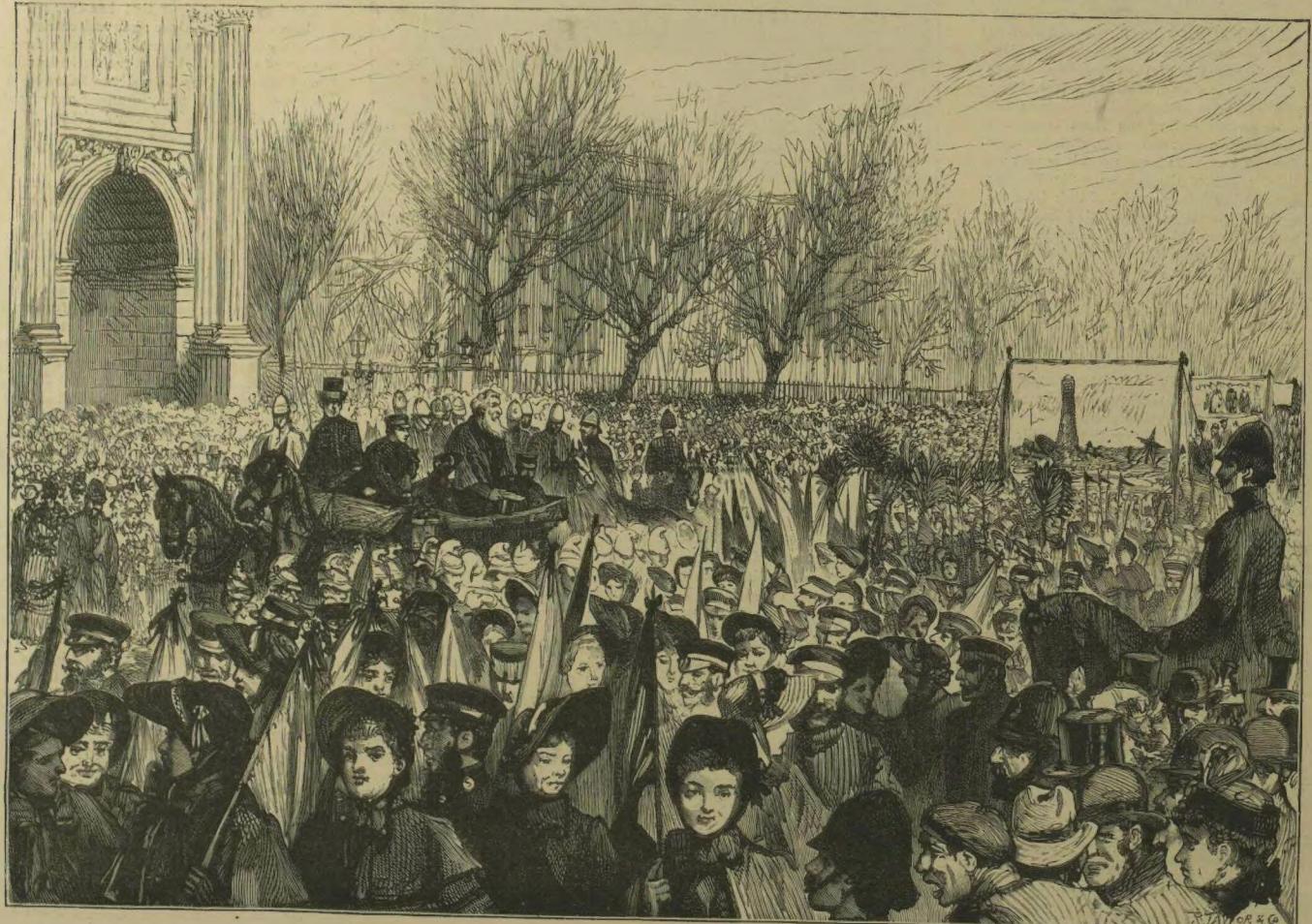
THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

Sixteen thousand refugees from the famine-stricken districts have arrived in the city of St. Petersburg, and the Prefect has quartered them among the householders, who have been ordered to supply them with food and lodging. We also learn that a sanitary cordon has been established round the town of Kazan, where typhus is raging, in order to keep the inhabitants within the walls and prevent the spread of the disease to other towns. At the same time, peasants are forbidden to enter some provincial towns; the barriers are strictly guarded, and all travellers arriving submit to police inspection, as shown in our correspondent's sketch of the scene.

THE SALVATION ARMY.



FLOTILLA OF STEAM-BOATS FROM SOUTHAMPTON MEETING "GENERAL" BOOTH.



DEMOCRATIC IN HYDE PARK ON "GENERAL" BOOTH'S RETURN HOME.



AFTER THE BALL: COUNTING HER VICTIMS.

PERSONAL.

The flourishing and inviting colony of New Zealand, which is probably not destined, or inclined, to merge its separate existence in a Federal Australian Dominion more than a thousand miles distant, receives a new Governor, or representative of her Majesty the Queen, in the person of the Earl of Glasgow. His lordship, the Right Hon. David Boyle, son of Mr. Patrick Boyle, of Shewalton, Ayrshire, and now fifty-eight years of age, is a great-grandson of the second earl. He succeeded his kinsman, the sixth earl, who was Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, in 1890. In 1873 he married Dorothea Thomasina, daughter of Sir Edward Hunter-Blair.

He is a retired captain of the Royal Navy, who served in the White Sea during the Russian War, and in the Chinese War of 1857, but retired in 1878. His eldest son, Patrick James, Viscount Kelburne, is a midshipman in the Royal Navy; and he has four other sons and three daughters.

The mortality of Members of Parliament continues apace. Two have died since our last issue—Mr. Frederick Hankey, Conservative Member for the Chertsey division of Surrey, and Mr. Henry Wardle, Liberal Member for South Derbyshire. These gentlemen, apart from politics, represented two of the most powerful interests in the country. Mr. Hankey was a banker, and chairman of directors of the Consolidated Bank in Threadneedle Street. Mr. Wardle was a brewer, and senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Salt and Co., of Burton-on-Trent. The Member for Chertsey belonged to the straitest section of the Conservative Party, who reckon the Chertsey Division among their invulnerable strongholds. Mr. Wardle's adherence to Mr. Gladstone was rare in the particular trading community of which the late Member for South Derbyshire was a prominent representative.

Mr. Henry Walter Bates, the distinguished naturalist and traveller, and for twenty-seven years the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, died on Feb. 16 of influenza. Born at Leicester in 1823, Mr. Bates early displayed an exceptional enthusiasm for entomology. In 1848, in company with his friend, Mr. A. R. Wallace, he went off to the Amazons, where he stayed for seven years, studying the flora and fauna, and making collections which he sent home to the British Museum. In 1863 he published a work entitled "The Naturalist in the River Amazon," of which Darwin wrote: "It is the best work of natural history travels ever published in England. . . . It is a grand book, and, whether or not it sells, it will last." It was Mr. Bates, as Darwin acknowledged, who discovered the principle of mimicry in the animal world. During the twenty-seven years that he has been secretary of the Geographical Society, Mr. Bates secured the respect and admiration of a large community, including all the principal travellers of the last quarter of a century. His death is a serious loss to the world of science.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, who for some months has been filling Mr. Spurgeon's place at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and will for the present continue his ministry there, is not new to England. Up to 1889 he had only an American reputation, but since that year he has refused settled work in order to stir the feeling of the Christian world to greater interest in foreign missions. He has been heard at the headquarters of the Church Missionary Society, and is accustomed to say that one of the missionary farewells he witnessed at Salisbury Square will never be forgotten by him. As a preacher he stands in strong contrast to Mr. Spurgeon. Instead of marked simplicity, Dr. Pierson cultivates a rather ornate style. History, philosophy, and science are drawn upon for illustrative matter in a way which leaves his style but little in common with that homely vigour associated with the pulpit of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Like Dr. Phillips Brooks, he is a very rapid speaker. Sometimes, indeed, the effect of his eloquence upon humbler hearers rather recalls the exclamation (vide *Punch*) of the old woman to the eloquent curate: "Which I likes to hear you preach extemporary, Sir; your language is that wonderful fluid!"

New Zealand has not been slow to follow a recent Australian example in ecclesiastical affairs. Instead of accepting for the bishopric of Nelson a clergyman nominated by certain advisers at home, they have chosen a local dignitary. The Rev. Charles Oliver Mules, Archdeacon of Waimes, who has been elected to succeed Bishop Suter, is a Cambridge man, and graduated at Trinity in 1858. After filling a couple of rural curacies under Evangelical clergy in England, he went out to the diocese of Nelson in 1868, soon after Dr. Suter entered upon his work there as bishop. He at once became examining-chaplain to his bishop, and has long been one of the foremost men in the diocese. His election was not unexpected, and is believed to fall in with a strongly expressed colonial opinion.

The plague of influenza has claimed a distinguished victim in Sir James Caird, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., who died on Feb. 9.

It would be impossible to summarise within the scope of a paragraph or two the wonderfully active and useful life of the distinguished statistician and scientific agriculturist. It has practically included over forty years' incessant literary and other toil, the main result of which has been, as the *Times*, the journal for which some of his best work was done, remarks, to give "the only general account of the state of agriculture throughout England since Arthur Young's tour." Sir James (then Mr.) Caird's description of

in that country. He was the father of the system of collecting agricultural statistics, he made one of the ablest members of the Indian Famine Commission in 1867-8, and his resulting work, "India: the Land and the People," is an invaluable account of the economic condition of our great dependency. Sir James was a notable member of Lord Cowper's Commission on the state of Irish agriculture in 1886, and he was properly made a member of the new Board of Agriculture, which largely owed its existence to his pioneering work. He resigned his position last December. He was a Liberal in politics, and sat in Parliament as a supporter of Lord Palmerston from 1859 to 1865. He was on terms of close friendship with John Bright, who was a frequent visitor at his seat in Kircudbrightshire.

Mr. Chamberlain's first appearance as leader of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons was a distinct oratorical success. He spoke with great brilliancy and effect, taunting Mr. Gladstone with the non-production of his Home Rule plan, and addressing himself with special bitterness to Mr. Morley, whom he described as the "right hon. gentleman" in place of the customary "my right hon. friend." The Duke of Devonshire watched the scene, which was throughout one of great animation, from the Peers' gallery. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was perhaps the most uncompromising he has ever delivered from his place by Mr. Gladstone's side, and it was represented by his old colleagues. The severance from his early political comradeship with Mr. Morley was emphasised by that gentleman in an angry retort, which laid stress on what the speaker called the "unseemly comedy" of Mr. Chamberlain rising from the front Opposition bench and attacking its occupants. The personal interest in the speech lay, indeed, mainly in the proof it gave that the old private intimacy with Mr. Morley has been completely severed.

English Presbyterianism has lost a striking figure by the death, by congestion of the lungs, of the Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., who, since 1870, has been the minister of the Marylebone Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Fraser was a man of great personal dignity, and his fine presence, rendered striking by a mass of white hair, gave him a personal ascendancy over his congregation, which was enforced by his great power as a preacher and reputation as a shrewd and wise counsellor. His church, in the great parish of Marylebone, was always crowded when he preached in it, though it was double the size of the building which

it replaced in 1873, three years after Dr. Fraser's first association with it.

Dr. Fraser was born in 1826 in Inverness, and his education was finished at Aberdeen University. Early in life he migrated to Canada, first engaging in business, and then taking to the ministry. He was eight years at Montreal, and was then recalled to his native town of Inverness, where the report of his fame as a preacher led to the invitation, twenty-one years ago, to Marylebone. There his reputation was permanently established, and no man had a greater hold on the orthodox Presbyterian school, in which he was a leading and powerful figure. He was to have represented English Presbyterianism in the Pan-Presbyterian Conference fixed to be held at Toronto this year.

A new Babbage has arisen in the shape of a wonderful Italian calculating youth, named Jacques Inaudi, who has been astonishing the savants of Paris by feats that recall the accomplishments of the famous Henri Mondenex. Young Inaudi, who is only twenty-four years of age, began his career as a calculator by doing peasants' accounts for them at a lightning speed, which raised the wonderment of the Touraine farmers. Though he knows nothing of algebra, he masters the most difficult equations, and his calculations never err by a single figure, and are concluded within a few seconds of the problem being put to him.

Inaudi does not seem to

have any special theory of the manner in which his extraordinary faculty came to him. When asked about it, he lays his hand on his forehead and says, "It's there, but how it comes to me I do not know." His methods are apparently not those of the schools, and are peculiar to himself, for he has not revealed them.

Inaudi came to Paris in 1880, having begged his way from his native Piedmont. At Béziers he astonished a worthy farmer who was sitting outside a café trying to make up his accounts after a successful market day. The agriculturist was baffled by the figures, and Inaudi offered to help him, but his resistance was at first rejected with scorn. Afterwards the farmer allowed the youth to have a try, and, without the help of pencil or paper, Inaudi balanced the complicated accounts to a sou. On arrival in Paris he was taken in hand by André Gill, the caricaturist, and has been able to gain a living since by performing intricate calculations on the boards of music-halls. Inaudi multiplies from left to right, and in all the difficult arithmetical problems given to him by the academicians he never made a single error.

Captain Osborne is by no means flattered (says the *Paul Mall Gazette*) by the praise that has been lavished upon him for his "chivalrous conduct," &c. On the contrary, he resents it somewhat, since he considers his conduct the only conduct that an honourable man could take under the circumstances. He feels that every man situated as he is would do the same. Whether he would or not is, however, generally regarded as an open question.

The new Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick, who was made K.C.S.I. something less than two years ago, has had a most distinguished career in the Indian Civil Service. He has filled with great efficiency many important posts, has been Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, Home Secretary to the Indian Government, and Chief

Commissioner of Assam, where his tact and experience would have been invaluable had he been there at the time of the late Manipur incident. Prior to his present appointment Sir Dennis won golden opinions as Resident at Hyderabad, his conduct during the imperial diamond *caisse* being especially worthy of the highest praise.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W., for our portrait of the late Sir J. Caird; to Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W., for that of the late Dr. Donald Fraser; to Mr. F. Kingsbury, St. George's Place, Knightsbridge, for that of Lord Alington; to Messrs. Stromeyer and Heymann, of Cairo, for that of the late Dr. Junker; and to M. Perla, of Chambéry, for that of M. Jacques Inaudi.

MUSIC.

There was no lack of interest or novelty in the programme set before the patrons of the Crystal Palace Concerts on the first Saturday (Feb. 13) since the Christmas recess. Chernini's concert-overture in G, which headed the scheme, is to contemporary musicians a practically unknown work. It is one of three compositions written by Cherubini in 1815 expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and conducted by himself. It was performed on several subsequent occasions, being given for the last time by the Philharmonic under Costa in 1852. From that date the score seemed to have disappeared, no mention whatever being made of it in the catalogue of the Philharmonic Library prepared by Messrs. W. H. Cummings and Otto Goldschmidt. It would have been easy, therefore, for the work to have passed into oblivion had not a copy of the score been found elsewhere and published a short time since by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig. Hence the revival of this spirited and interesting example of the Florentine master, for the prompt production of which at the Crystal Palace Mr. August Manns deserves thanks. The curious part of it is that this particular revival has resulted in the re-discovery of the original score. Mr. Cummings, doubtless, convinced that it had never passed out of the possession of the Philharmonic Society, made a search for the missing manuscript, and, after hunting patiently for some time, duly found it.

Another novelty in the Crystal Palace programme was the first, or "1841," version of Schumann's symphony in D minor, No. 4. This fine work was revised by its composer in 1851, but the earlier score was carefully preserved, and became the property of Herr Brahms, who, in conjunction with Dr. Wüllner, of Cologne, produced a new version of it, containing certain alterations made in red ink and pencil by Schumann himself, and also introducing here and there improvements in the instrumentation derived from the score of a decade later. That the outcome of this curious combination is virtually a third version of the symphony can hardly be denied, but we are not inclined on that account to charge Herren Brahms and Wüllner with an act of undue interference with the work of a dead composer; neither, on the other hand, can we regard it in any light but that of a curiosity. The new arrangement will certainly not take the place of the score with which amateurs are familiar, though, as Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel have thought it worth while to publish it, there is no reason why this so-called "1841" version should not be heard from time to time. It was splendidly played by the Palace orchestra, and Mr. Manns bore his full share of the honours of the performance. The soloist of the afternoon was Madame Roger-Miclos, whose refined and artistic style was made agreeably manifest in Beethoven's third piano-forte concerto.

The Royal Choral Society does well to find a place at one of its concerts for Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." This noble oratorio may not enjoy the wonderful popularity of "Elijah," but its rare choral beauties are never thrown into fuller relief than at the Albert Hall, and the fact that it is welcome to habitués there was abundantly proved by the large attendance at the performance given on Feb. 10. The solos were undertaken by Miss Medora Henson, Madame Patey, Mr. Wilbur Gunn, Mr. R. E. Miles, Mr. Robert Grice, and Mr. Plunket Greene. The last-named artist achieved a conspicuous success in the music of the Apostle. His remarkably fine singing fairly took the audience by surprise, and the effort may be said to have raised him at a bound to the very front rank of oratorio artists. Madame Patey amply sustained her reputation, giving, as usual, a truly impressive rendering of "But the Lord is mindful of His own." Miss Medora Henson was scarcely equal to the requirements of her task; and Mr. Wilbur Gunn, a new tenor from America, succeeded still less in satisfying connoisseurs of his ability to fulfil the important duties here entrusted to him. These young American artists are not wanting in talent and promise, but we have plenty of native singers of the same stamp whose appearance at the Albert Hall would, under the circumstances, be far more justifiable.

Such miserable wintry weather as prevailed on Monday, Feb. 15, was quite sufficient to explain the scanty attendance at the Popular Concert on that evening. St. James's Hall was little more than half filled, but the audience strove hard, and not unsuccessfully, to atone for its lack of numbers by an abundance of enthusiasm. Once again one of Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartets stood at the head of the programme, the No. 2 in E minor being this time selected. It was superbly executed by Mademoiselle Néruda, Messrs. Ries, Strauss and Piatti, the accomplished lady-violinist shining to especial advantage in the adagio, which is almost a solo for the leading instrument. The same master's famous "Waldstein" sonata served to introduce for the first time this season that clever young pianist Mlle. Ilona Eibenschütz, who, although apparently very nervous, gave an extremely clear and spirited reading of the work. She is a neat and brilliant player, but her tone is somewhat thin, and her physique is almost too delicate for her to render adequate justice to themes that call for robust or masculine treatment. However, her interpretation of the "Waldstein" decidedly pleased the audience, and Mlle. Eibenschütz was called upon for an encore, for which she gave one of Scarlatti's "small" sonatas.

The programme of the fifth London Symphony concert was framed in honour of the memory of Wagner, the anniversary of whose death occurred on Feb. 13. In accordance with the precedent set by Dr. Hans Richter, Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" was selected as the principal item of the menu, and with this were associated the overture to "Die Meistersinger," the "Siegfried-Idyl," the prelude to "Parsifal," and the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan." These works were admirably executed under Mr. Henschel's painstaking guidance, and rapturously applauded by a crowded audience. Madame Nordica made a welcome *entrée* at this concert, and sang the part of Isolde, in the "Liebestod," with striking dramatic power.



THE EARL OF GLASGOW.



THE LATE REV. DONALD FRASER, D.D.



M. JACQUES INAUDI.



THE LATE SIR JAMES CAIRD.

English agriculture was written in 1850, largely at the instance of Sir Robert Peel, as Special Commissioner of the *Times*. Since then Sir James has been continuously employed in noting the condition, troubles, and progress of English, Scottish, and Irish agriculture, with special reference to the economic condition of India and the development of the cotton industry

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen, says *Truth*, is in excellent health, and she has been perfectly well for several months, having only suffered, once or twice for a few days, from rheumatism in the knee. The daily papers, which print alarming fictions about her Majesty whenever Sir William Jenner's arrival at Court happens to be reported, are unaware of the fact that when the Queen is at Windsor and Osborne he is now constantly in nominal attendance on her Majesty, with whom he has always been a great favourite. Sir William Jenner was for many years in the habit of visiting the Queen every fortnight, but, now that he is out of practice, he passes a great deal of time at Court, except when her Majesty is at Balmoral.

Her Majesty is to leave Windsor, according to present arrangements, about four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 22, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. They will travel by special train to Portsmouth Dockyard, and there embark on board the Victoria and Albert, which is to be moored in the harbour during the night. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will dine with the Queen on board the royal yacht, which is to proceed next morning (after the arrival of the London papers and letters) for Cherbourg, where it will arrive about half-past three. After an early dinner on board the yacht, the Queen will start from the Port station for Hyères, where she is to arrive on Thursday afternoon.

The funeral pall has been lifted from the London season. It is announced that there will be two Drawing-Rooms in May and two Levees after Easter. The Queen, it is understood, has made this abatement of the mourning for the Duke of Clarence out of consideration for the large class who are dependent for subsistence on the fashionable expenditure of society. There is rejoicing among the West-End tradesmen to whom the cessation of social festivities offered a dismal prospect. And there is a pleasant flutter in many a fair bosom which was perturbed by the thought that not to be presented this season meant an awful deprivation of agreeable opportunities.

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to Sir William Harcourt, which is the briefest and most impressive tribute to the Duke of Clarence. The aged statesman recalls the death of Princess Charlotte, whose lamented was the last blow to the reason of George III. By the loss of Prince Albert Victor the royal family have suffered a bereavement which, as a domestic tragedy, has affected the nation like the incident which carried Mr. Gladstone's memory back to the year 1817.

There are more rumours of a dissolution, and busy gossips will have it that Ministers have been urged by experienced managers of the Conservative Party throughout the country to appeal to the constituencies at once. It is, however, affirmed with considerable show of authority that the Government are determined to proceed with the public business until the normal end of the Session, or, at all events, until the game of tactics makes substantial progress with certain measures extremely difficult. Conjecture is rife as to the fate of the Irish Local Government Bill, which is not likely to reach the second reading before Easter. The path of this piece of legislation is not smooth, and it offers tempting opportunities for Opposition ambush. On the other hand, the relations between the Liberal Party and their Irish allies are somewhat delicate, and, while the Parnellites manifest increasing confidence, the Anti-Parnellites are reticent and despondent.

There is a Parliamentary vacancy in Surrey owing to the death of Mr. Hankey, and another is created in South Derbyshire by the death of Mr. Wardle. In Surrey the Conservatives are likely to hold their own with comparative ease. In South Derbyshire there is a large Liberal majority, but, in view of the General Election, the Conservatives will make a strenuous effort to reduce it; meanwhile a Conservative, in the person of Mr. Wilcox, has been returned unopposed for the Everton Division of Liverpool.

A slight friction is reported between Lord Randolph Churchill and some of his supporters in South Paddington. The local Conservative Association invited their member to state whether he proposed to stand again, and, if so, whether he would give his support to Conservative policy. Lord Randolph replied that he had every intention of seeking re-election, and that his conduct in the future would accord with his conduct in the past. Somehow, this appears to have been insufficiently explicit for the Paddington Conservatives, who may cherish independent views of Lord Randolph's political achievements, though I do not suppose they will excite much misgiving in his mind.

The Liberal Party have begun their campaign in London, and are using the Progressive programme for the County Council elections as a reconnaissance in force. To counteract this, Sir Henry James has summoned the Liberal Unionist array as a protest against the identification of the Liberal with the Progressive plans of action. There is some confusion of parties, for Sir John Lubbock, who belonged to the Progressive Party in the first Council, is a staunch Unionist. I suspect, however, that electioneering necessities will dominate the situation, and that the machinery of the Moderates will be used in favour of the Conservatives in the Parliamentary struggle.

There was a time when political songs made up in humour what they lacked in urbanity. The electioneering muse nowadays seems to possess neither quality. A correspondence between Mr. Sir William Duncan, Conservative candidate for Wisbech, and Mrs. Brand, wife of Mr. Arthur Brand, the sitting member, shows that the lady is in the habit of singing a ballad of which the point is that the Liberals mean to keep Mr. Duncan out, and "shove the Tories up the spout." This is not elegant, nor is it particularly funny, though there is probably some charm in the singer which atones for the shortcomings of the poet. But Mr. Schudhardt might discover, with a little trouble, some bard who would put Liberal sentiments into verse which Mrs. Brand might warble without the aid of "the spout."

Mr. Chaplin's energetic measures against the foot-and-mouth disease have not yet been rewarded with success. The tribulation of the cattle dealers is sore; and now there comes from Ireland a complaint that the Board of Trade is harassing the cattle business in that country by levying on Irish cattle-trucks the same rate which is levied on English cattle-wagons. The argument is that this makes nine Irish beasts pay as much as fourteen English store cattle. Mr. Chaplin may expect to hear more of this from the Irish benches in the House of Commons.

The Government have been asked by Lord Middleton to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into London fogs. As

Royal Commissions usually create more vapour than they dispel, the suggestion is not very happy. Lord Salisbury pointed out that, as the most fruitful source of fog was the habit of Londoners in burning smoky coal, the only effectual remedy would be to compel them to use anthracite. As no municipal authority is ever likely to be strong enough to enforce such a drastic injunction, we shall continue to choke ourselves every winter.

For some days London was threatened with the extinction of the coal supply. A strike of the coal-porters had at one time a very grave aspect. The struggle was due to a resolute effort of the Coal Porters' Union to prevent the employment of free labour by masters who were at variance with their old hands. This phase of the labour question is becoming more and more acute. The dispute has been partially settled, though the difficulty of reinstating the unionists at the expense of the temporary hands has led to a renewal of the friction.

About the middle of February we generally have a sharp spell of wintry vigour, which rouses the latent sarcasm of the most good-natured citizen as he contemplates the condition of the streets. A sudden fall of snow has reminded the vestries that they are now required by law to clear the roadway in front of every house. Once this duty devolved on the householder, who watches the municipal cleansing with a scornful eye. It is a curious fact that London, in such circumstances, is the most helpless city in the world, and that it takes an army of men to do badly the work which in New York is performed by fewer hands in a twinkling.

Mrs. Osborne has been committed for trial. The evidence at the inquiry before the magistrate was made very painful by the testimony of Mrs. Haigreave, who alluded with much emotion to a visit which she had paid her cousin in Holloway Jail. The ordeal both for the accused and for the chief witness was made needlessly severe by the presence of a number of women who think a police-court is a place of entertainment. I should like to see a magistrate clear his court of busybodies who come to gape at suffering as if it were a public show.

The manifesto of thirty-eight ecclesiastics in favour of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures started a correspondence in the *Times* on "The Bible and Modern Criticism," which pursues the tenor of its way with unlimited irrelevance. Professor Huxley has thrown himself into the fray with his usual ardour, but without making the controversy any clearer

authorities, in arresting the man Buschhoff, had yielded to popular clamour, and stated that the Jews in Xanten had given every assistance to the police. It seems that proofs of the man's guilt will be forthcoming, and if so, there will no doubt be a renewal of the anti-Semitic agitation, due to the popular belief that Jews are addicted to human sacrifices. That such superstitions should still linger in an enlightened country like Germany is a sad satire upon the much-vaunted progress of the nineteenth century.

The province of Alsace-Lorraine is to have a new coat-of-arms. By special decree of the German Emperor, the escutcheon is to quarter the imperial eagle, bearing a divided shield, one half of which will display the arms of Upper and Lower Alsace, while on the other half will be displayed those of Lorraine. Thus does the Germanisation of the two provinces proceed by degrees.

Some years ago, when New Guinea was annexed by the Australians, a wag said that "the New Guinea was not worth a shilling." The Germans, after a few years' experience, have come to the same conclusion. Reports received in Berlin from Kaiser Wilhelm's Land show that that territory is unfit for European colonisation on account of its deadly climate.

The French Government has just taken what may be described as the first step towards the separation of Church and State. It has lately laid on the table of the Chamber of Deputies a Bill on Associations, the general tendency of which is to enable the State to suppress religious orders. The Bill sets forth that any association may be formed on making a written declaration specifying its object, and giving a list of its original members; but this liberal provision is immediately followed by the most stringent restrictions. There is one clause prohibiting associations from possessing property, except furniture and other articles for the use of their members; another preventing them from receiving legacies; a third allowing the civil authorities to enter all conventional establishments, male or female; a fourth allowing their suppression by the most summary process, and so on. Should this Bill become law, religious communities in France will have to dispose of whatever real property they possess and to purchase land or houses abroad, with French money, of course. But whether the Bill passes or not, it will have to be discussed, and stormy debates may be anticipated. In some quarters it is held that the Bill is merely a threat to bring the French clergy to reason, and induce them to cease their opposition to the Republican form of government. That may be so. Assuming, however, that the Government is in earnest, and really wishes to bring about Disestablishment, it may fairly be asked what advantage will be obtained by the separation of Church and State? A Church independent of the Government will prove a much more formidable foe than a State-paid Church, every member of which is virtually a Civil servant, liable to be dismissed or to have his pay stopped. The fact is, there is an extreme anti-clerical party in France which has to be conciliated by an occasional sop, and a Bill such as that of the French Government would admirably answer the purpose.

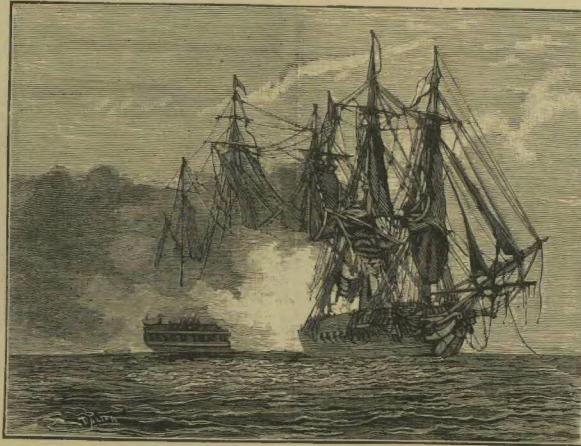
Under the presidency of M. Léon Say, the People's League for Sunday Rest has held very successful meetings in Paris. The object of this association is to promote the suspension of all work on Sundays on moral and hygienic grounds. Twenty years ago it would have been thought impossible to induce Parisian tradesmen to close their shops on the whole of Sunday, and before ten or eleven at night on weekdays. Now there is hardly a good shop on the boulevards open after eight o'clock, and most of them have their shutters up on Sundays. The ground is well prepared for the French Sunday League, and the efforts of M. Léon Say, M. Bardoux, and other distinguished economists are certain to be crowned with the success they deserve.

They have been making experiments in Paris at the Jardin d'Acclimatation for the purpose of providing artificial clouds as a protection against frost, on the plan adopted by the vine-growers of the Gironde. The method consists in lighting

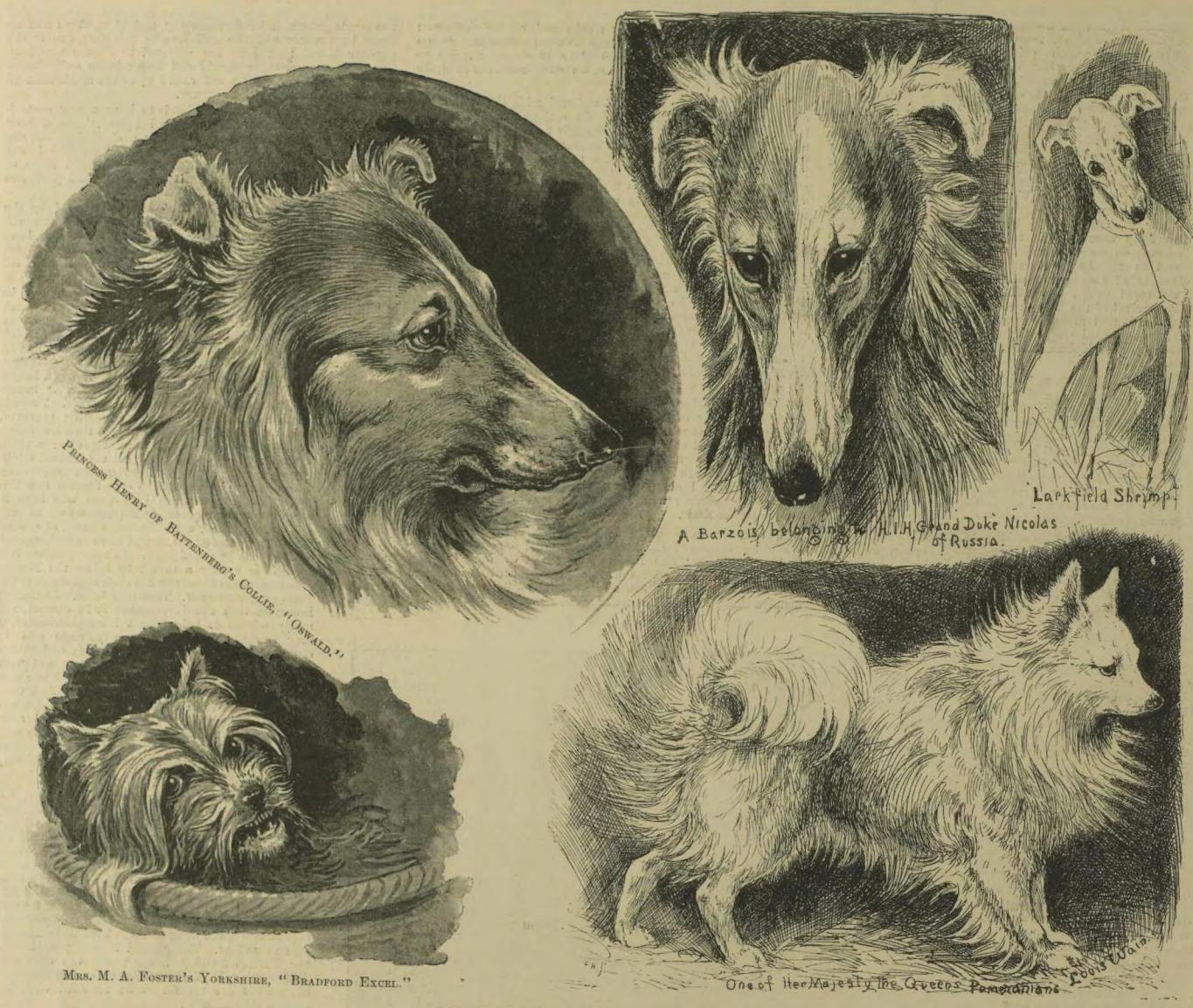
pinewood fires, which give off a black smoke. This smoke is converted into a thick stationary fog which raises the temperature five or six degrees—when there is no wind. It was windy the other day, and the experiment did not prove a success, although it is asserted that in the Gironde the plan has been adopted with satisfactory results. Well, the Americans are making artificial rain, and the French artificial fog; will anyone try to make artificial sun in London? or will the French and the Americans exchange some of their sunshines for some of the London fog and rain? We could supply them with the real article, and glad to get rid of it too!

The new Khedive will get his firman of investiture after all. This document is now being prepared at the Porte, and will be forwarded to Cairo in due course; but given the slowness with which Turkish officials proceed, it would be rash to say when that will be. The Sultan having, in his telegram to Abbas Pasha after the death of Tewfik, recognised him as successor to his father, in accordance with the previous firmans, the investiture is virtually a matter of form, and may take place at any time, in the same manner as the coronation of a sovereign may take place months after his accession.—X.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE SHANNON AND THE CHESAPEAKE. The spirit of gallant chivalry, as justly felt in the United States Navy as in the Royal Navy of Great Britain, preserves in memory, with no trace of resentment, that brave action, creditable both to English and to American sailors, fought in the offing outside Boston Harbour on June 1, 1813. It was the duel between H.M.S. Shannon and the United States frigate Chesapeake, which allowed the late Sir Provo Wallis, then second lieutenant of the Shannon, succeeding his superior officers in command, to bring his prize into the port of Halifax, as we have noticed in his biographical memoir. Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke had been severely wounded, but happily recovered and died an Admiral in 1841; First Lieutenant George T. L. Watt had been killed in the fight, which lasted only a quarter of an hour. It was, however, maintained with signal valour on both sides: of the British, twenty-four men were killed and fifty-nine wounded; on the American side, forty-seven killed, 115 wounded. The Shannon was a fifty-gun frigate, with a broadside discharge of 538 lbs., and with a crew of 306 men; the Chesapeake, likewise a frigate of fifty guns, threw a broadside of 500 lbs., and had a crew of 376. With superior armament and numbers, the American frigate was crippled and put into disorder by the first two broadsides fired against her. The British victory was apparently won by better skill in gunnery, derived from much recent practice in the long French War.



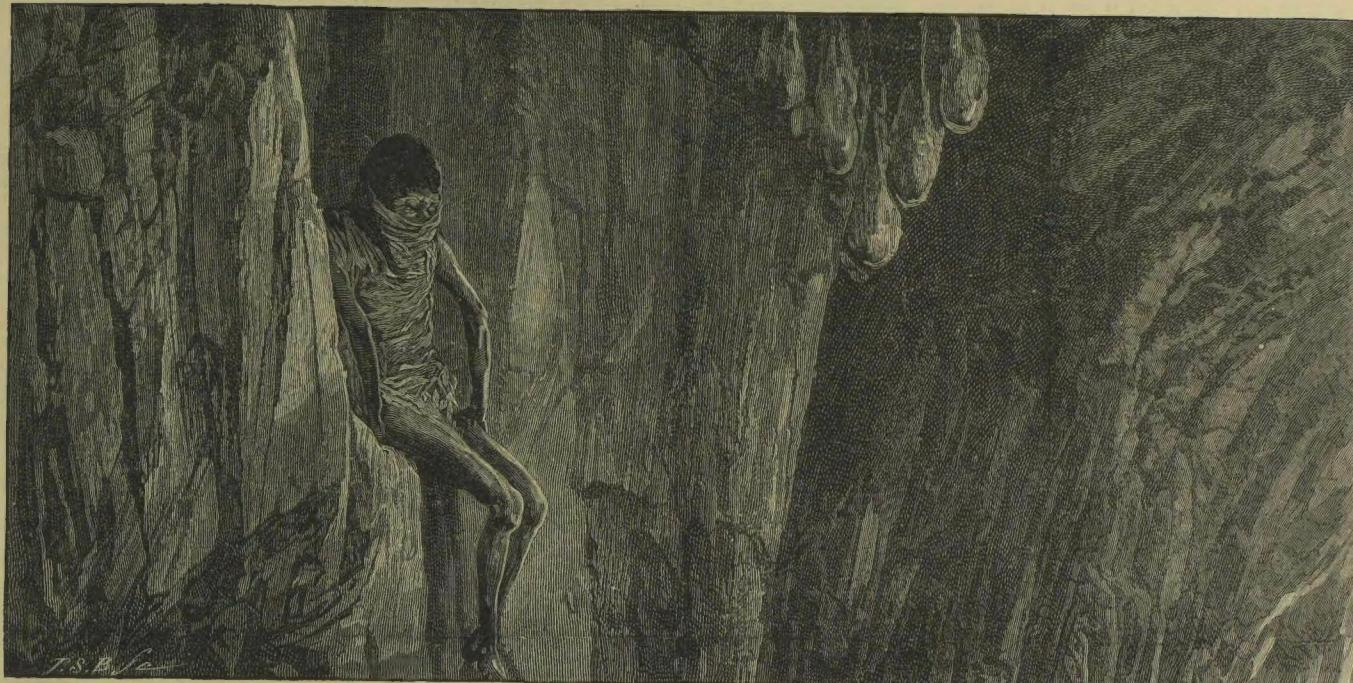
THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE IN CONFLICT WITH H.M.S. SHANNON, JUNE 1, 1813.



DOG SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.



ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



NADA THE LILY.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

GALAZI BECOMES KING OF THE WOLVES.

On the morrow Umslopogaas awoke, and knew that strength was growing on him fast. Still, all that day he rested in the cave, while Galazi went out to hunt. In the evening he returned, bearing a buck upon his shoulders, and they skinned the buck and ate of it as they sat by the fire. And when the sun was down Galazi took up his tale.

"Now, Umslopogaas, son of Mopo, hear! I had passed the forest, and had come, as it were, to the legs of the old stone Witch who sits up aloft there for ever waiting for the world to die. Here the sun shone merrily, here lizards ran and birds flew to and fro, and though it grew towards the evening—for I had wandered long in the forest—I was afraid no more. So I climbed up the steep rock, where little bushes grow like hair on the arms of a man, till at last I came to the knees of the stone Witch, which are the space before the cave. I lifted my head over the brink of the rock and looked, and I tell you, Umslopogaas, my blood ran cold and my heart turned to water; for there, before the cave, rolled wolves, many and great. Some slept and growled in their sleep, some gnawed at the skulls of dead game, some sat up like dogs and their tongues hung from their grinning jaws. I looked, I saw, and beyond I discovered the mouth of the cave, where the bones of the boy should be. But I had no wish to come there who was afraid of the wolves, for now I knew that these were the ghosts who live upon the mountain. So I bethought me that I would fly, and turned to go. And, Umslopogaas, even as I turned, the great club Watcher of the Fords swung round and smote me on the back such a blow as a man smites upon a coward. Now, whether this was by chance or whether the Watcher would shame him who bore it, say you, for I do not know. At the least, shame entered into me. Should I go back to be mocked by the people of the kraal and by the old woman? And if I would go, should I not be killed by the ghosts at night in the forest? Nay, it was better to die in the jaws of the wolves, and at once. Thus I thought in my heart; then, tarrying not, lest fear should come upon me again, I swung up the Watcher, and, crying aloud the war-cry of the Halakazi, I sprang over the brink of the rock and rushed upon the wolves. They, too, sprang up and stood howling, with bristling hides and fiery eyes, and the smell of them came into my nostrils. Yet when they saw it was a man that rushed upon them, they were seized with sudden fear and fled this way and that, leaping with great bounds from the place of rock which is the knees of the stone Witch, so that presently I stood alone in front of the cave. Now, having conquered the wolf-ghosts and no blow struck, my heart swelled within me, and I walked to the mouth of the cave proudly, as a cock walks upon a roof, and looked in through the opening. As it chanced, the sinking sun shone at this hour full into the cave, so that all its darkness was made red with light. Then, once more, Umslopogaas, I grew afraid indeed, for I could see the end of the cave.

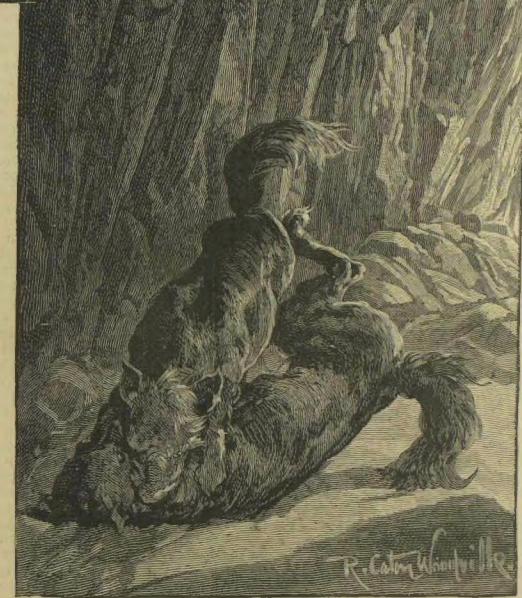
"Look now! There is a hole in the wall of the cave, where the firelight falls below the shadow of the roof, twice the height of a man from the floor. It is a narrow hole and a high, is it not?—as though one had cut it with iron, and a man might sit in it, his legs hanging towards the door of the cave. Ay, Umslopogaas, a man might sit in it, might he not? And there a man sat, or that which had been a man. There sat the bones of a man, and the black skin had withered on his bones, holding them together, and making him awful to see. His hands were open beside him, he leaned upon them, and in the right hand was a piece of hide from his moccas. It was half eaten, Umslopogaas; he had eaten it before he died. His eyes also were bound round with a band of leather, as though to hide something from their gaze,

one foot was gone, one hung over the edge of the niche towards the floor, and beneath it on the floor lay the blade of a broken spear.

"Now, come hither, Umslopogaas, place your hand upon the wall of the cave, just here; it is smooth, is it not?—smooth as the stones on which women grind their corn. 'What made it so smooth?' you ask. I will tell you.

"When I peered through the door of the cave I saw this: on the floor of the cave lay a she-wolf panting, as though she had galloped many a mile; she was very great and fierce. Near to her was another wolf—he was a dog—old and black, bigger than any I have seen, a very father of wolves, and all his head and flanks were streaked with grey. But this wolf was on his feet. As I watched he drew back near to the mouth of the cave, then of a sudden he ran forward and bounded high into the air towards the withered foot of that which hung from the cleft of the rock. His pads struck upon the rock here where it is smooth, and there for a second he seemed to cling, while his great jaws closed with a clash but a spear's breadth beneath the dead man's foot. Then he fell back with a howl of rage, and drew slowly down the cave. Again he ran and leaped, again the great jaws closed, again he fell down howling. Then the she-wolf arose, and they sprang together, striving to pull him down who sat above. But it was all in vain; they could never come nearer than within a spear's breadth of the dead man's foot. And now, Umslopogaas, you know why the rock is smooth and shines. From month to month and year to year the wolves had ravened there, seeking to devour the bones of him who sat above. Night upon night they had leaped thus against the wall of the cave, but never might their clashing jaws close upon his foot. One foot they had; indeed, but the other they might not come by.

"Now, as I watched, filled with fear and wonder, the she-wolf, her tongue lolling from her jaws, made so mighty a bound that she almost reached the hanging foot, and yet not quite. She fell back, and then I saw that the leap was her last for that time, for she had oversprung herself, and lay there howling, the black blood flowing from her mouth. The wolf saw also: he drew near, snuffed at her, then, knowing that she was hurt, seized her by the throat and worried her. Now all the place was filled with groans and choking howls, as the wolves rolled over and over beneath him who sat above, and in the blood-red light of the dying sun the sight and sounds were so horrid that I trembled like a child. The she-wolf grew faint, for the white fangs of her mate were buried in her throat. Then I saw that now was the time to smite him, lest when he had killed her he should kill me also. So I lifted the Watcher and sprang into the cave, having it in my mind to slay the wolf before he lifted up his head. But he heard my footsteps, or perhaps my shadow fell upon him. Loosing his grip, he looked up, this father of wolves; then, making no sound, he sprang straight at my throat. I saw him, and whirling the Watcher aloft, I smote with all my strength. The blow met him in mid-air; it fell full on his chest and struck him backwards to the earth. But there he would not stay, for, rising before I could smite again, once more he sprang at me. This time I leaped aside and smote downwards, and the blow fell upon his right leg and broke it, so that he could spring no more. Yet he ran at me on three feet, and, though the club fell on his side, he seized me with his teeth, biting through that leather bag, which was wound about my middle, into the flesh behind. Then I yeilded with pain and rage, and lifting the Watcher sideways, I drove it down with both hands, as a man drives a stake



The wolf, knowing that she was hurt, seized her by the throat and worried her.

into the earth, and that with so great a stroke that the skull of the wolf was shattered like a pot, and he fell dead, dragging me down with him. Presently I sat up on the ground, and, forcing the handle of the Watcher between his jaws, levered them open, freeing my flesh from the grip of his teeth. Then I looked at my wounds; they were not deep, for the leather bag had saved me yet I feel them to this hour, for there is poison in the mouth of a wolf. Presently I glanced up, and saw that the she-wolf had found her feet again, and stood as though unhurt; for this is the nature of these ghosts, Umslopogaas, that, though they fight continually, they cannot destroy each other. They may be killed by man alone, and that hardly. There she stood, and yet she did not look at me or on her dead mate, but at him only who sat above. I saw, and crept softly behind her, then, lifting the Watcher, I dashed him down with all my strength. The blow fell on her neck and broke it, so that she rolled over and at once was dead.

"Now I rested awhile, then went to the mouth of the cave and looked out. The sun was sinking; all the depth of forest was black, but the light still shone on the face of the stone woman who sits for ever on the mountain. Here, then, I must bide this night, for, though the moon shone white and full in the sky, I dared not wend towards the plains alone with the wolves and the ghosts. And if I dared not go alone, how much less should I dare to go bearing with me him who sat in the cleft of the rock! Nay, here I must bide, so I went out of the cave to the spring which flows from the rock on the right of the cave and washed my wounds and drank. Then I came back and sat in the mouth of the cave, and watched the light die away from the face of the world. While it was dying there was silence, but when it was dead the forest awoke. A wind sprang up and tossed it till the green of its boughs waved like troubled water on which the moon shines faintly. From the heart of it, too, came howlings of ghosts and wolves, that were answered by howls from the rocks above—harken, Umslopogaas, such howlings as we hear to-night! It was awful here in the mouth of the cave, for I had not yet learned the secret of the stone, and if I had learned it, should I have dared to close it, leaving myself alone with the dead wolves and him whom the wolves had struggled to tear down? I walked out yonder on to the platform and looked up. The

moon shone full upon the face of the stone Witch who sits aloft for ever. She seemed to grin at me, and, oh! I grew afraid, for now I knew that this was place of dead men, a place where spirits perch like vultures in a tree, as they sweep round and round the world. I went back to the cave, and feeling that I must do something lest I should go mad, I drew to the carcass of the great dog-wolf which I had killed, and, taking my knife of iron, I began to skin it by the light of the moon. For an hour or more I skinned, singing to myself as I worked, and striving to forget him who sat in the cleft above and the howlings which ran about the mountains. But even the moonlight shone more clearly into the cave: now by it I could see his shape of bone and skin, ay, and even the bandage about his eyes. Why had he tied it there? I wondered—perhaps to hide the faces of the fierce wolves as they sprang upwards to grip him. And always the howlings drew nearer; now I could see grey forms creeping to and fro in the shadows of the rocky place before me. Ah! there before me glared two red eyes: a sharp snout snuffed at the carcass which I skinned. With a yell, I lifted the Watcher and smote. There came a scream of pain, and something galloped away into the shadows.

"Now the skin was off. I cast it behind me, and seizing the carcass dragged it to the edge of the rock and left it. Presently the howlings drew near again: again I saw the grey shapes creep up one by one. Now they gathered round the carcass, now they fell upon it and rent it, fighting horribly till all was finished. Then, licking their red chops, they slunk back to the forest.

"Did I sleep or did I wake? Nay, I do not know. But I know this, that of a sudden I seemed to look up and see. I saw a light—perchance, Umslopogas, it was the light of the moon shining upon him that sat aloft at the end of the cave. It was a red light, and he glowed in it as glows a thing that is rotten. I looked, or seemed to look, and then I thought that the hanging jaw moved, and from it came a voice that was harsh and hollow as of one who speaks from an empty belly through a withered throat.

"Hail, Galazi, child of Siguyana!" said the voice. "Galazi the Wolf!" Say, what dost thou here on the Ghost Mountain, where the stone Witch sits for ever, waiting for the world to die?

"Then, Umslopogas, I answered, or seemed to answer, and my voice, too, sounded strange and hollow—

"Hail, Dead One, who sittest like a vulture on a rock. I do this on the Ghost Mountain. I come to seek thy bones and bear them to thy mother for burial."

"Many and many a year have I sat aloft, Galazi," answered the voice, "watching the ghost-wolves leap and leap to drag me down, till the rock grew smooth beneath the wearings of their feet. So I sat seven days and nights, being yet alive, the hungry wolves below, and hunger gnawing at my heart. So I have sat many and many a year, being dead in the heart of the old stone Witch, watching the moon and the sun and the stars, hearkening to the howls of the ghost-wolves as they ravened beneath me, and learning of the wisdom of the old Witch who sits above in everlasting stone. Yet my mother was young and fair when I trod the haunted forest and climbed the knees of stone. How seems she now, Galazi?"

"She is white and wrinkled and very aged," I answered. "They call her mad, yet at her bidding I came to seek thee, Dead One, bearing the Watcher that was thy father's and shall be mine."

"It shall be thine, Galazi," said the voice, "for thou alone hast dared the ghosts to give me sleep and burial. Hearken! Thine also shall be the wisdom of the old Witch who sits aloft for ever, frozen into everlasting stone—thine and one other's. These are not wolves that thou hast seen, that is no wolf which thou hast slain; nay, they are ghosts—evil ghosts of men who lived in ages gone, and who must now live till they be slain of men. And knowest thou how they lived, Galazi, and what was the food they ate? When the light comes again, Galazi, climb to the breasts of the stone Witch, and look in the cleft which is between her breasts. There shalt thou see how these men lived. And now this doom is on them: they must wander gaunt and hungry in the shape of wolves haunting that Ghost Mountain where once they fed, till they are led forth to die at the hands of men. Because of their devouring hunger have they leaped from year to year, striving to reach my bones; and he whom thou hast slain was the king of them, and she at his side was the queen. Now, Galazi the Wolf, this is the wisdom that I give thee: thou shalt be king of the ghost-wolves, thou and another, whom a lion shall bring thee. Gird the black skin upon thy shoulders, and the wolves shall follow thee; all the three hundred and sixty and three of them that are left, and let him who shall be brought to thee gird on the skin of grey. Where ye twain lead them, there shall they raven, bringing you victory till all are slain. But know this, that there only may they raven where in life they ravened, seeking for their food. Yet, that was an ill gift thou tookest from my mother—the gift of the Watcher, for though without the Watcher thou hadst never slain the king of the ghost-wolves, yet, bearing the Watcher, thou shalt thyself be slain. Now, on the morrow carry me back to my mother, so that I may sleep where the ghost-wolves leap no more. I have spoken, Galazi."

"Now, the Dead One's voice seemed to grow ever fainter and more hollow as he spoke, till at last I could scarcely hear his words, yet I answered him, asking this of him—

"Who is it, then, that the lion shall bring to me to rule with me over the ghost-wolves, and how is he named?"

"Then the Dead One spoke once more very faintly, yet in the silence of the place I heard his words—

"He is named Umslopogas the Slaughterer, son of Chaka, Lion of the Zulu."

Now, when Umslopogas heard these words he started up from his place by the fire.

"I am named Umslopogas," he said, "but the Slaughterer I am not named, and I am the son of Mopo and not the son of Chaka, Lion of the Zulu; you have dreamed a dream, Galazi, or, if it was no dream, then the Dead One lied to you."

"Perchance this was so, Umslopogas," answered Galazi the Wolf. "Perhaps I dreamed, or perhaps the Dead One lied; nevertheless, if he lied in this matter, in other matters he did not lie, as you shall hear."

"After I had heard these words, or had dreamed that I heard them, I slept indeed, and when I woke the forest beneath was like the clouds for mist, but the grey light glinted upon the face of her who sits in stone above. Now, I remembered the dream that I had dreamed, and that I would see if it was all a dream. So I rose, and, leaving the cave, found a place where I might climb up to the breasts and head of the stone Witch. I climbed, and as I climbed the rays of the sun lit upon her face, and I rejoiced to see them. But, when I drew near, the likeness to the face of a woman faded away, and I saw nothing before me but rugged heaps of piled-up rock. For this, Umslopogas, is the way of witches, be they of stone or flesh—when you draw near to them they change their shape. Now I was on the breast of the mountain, and wandered to and fro awhile between great heaps of stone. At length I found, as it were, a crack in the stone thrice as wide as a man may jump, and in length the half a spear's throw, and

near this crack stood great stones blackened by fire, and beneath them broken pots and a knife of flint. I looked down into the crack—it was very deep, and green with moss, and tall ferns grew about it, for the damp gathered here. There was nothing else. I had dreamed a lying dream. I turned to go, then found another mind, and climbed down into the cleft, pushing aside the ferns. Beneath the ferns was moss; I scraped it away with the Watcher. Presently the iron of the club struck on something that was yellow and round like a stone, and from the yellow thing came a hollow sound. I lifted it, Umslopogas; it was the skull of a child.

"I dug deeper and scraped away more moss; presently I saw. Beneath the moss was nothing but the bones of men—old bones that had lain there many years; the little ones had rotted, the large ones remained—some were yellow, some black, and others yet white. They were not broken, as are those that hyenas and wolves have worried, yet on some of them I could see the marks of teeth. Then, Umslopogas, I went back to the cave, never looking behind me.

"Now, when I was come to the cave I did this: I skinned the she-wolf also. When I had done the sun was up, and I knew that it was time to go. But I must not go alone—he who sat aloft in the cleft of the cave must go with me. I feared greatly to touch him—this Dead One, who had spoken to me in a dream; yet I must do it. So I brought stones and piled them up till I could reach him; then I lifted him down, for he was very light, being but skin and bones. When he was down I bound the hides of the wolves about me, then leaving the leather bag, into which he could not enter, I took the Dead One and placed him on my shoulders as a man might carry a child, for his legs were fixed somewhat apart, and holding him by that foot which was left on him, I set out for the kraal. Down the slope I went as swiftly as I could, for now I knew the way, seeing and hearing nothing, except once, when there came a rush of wings, and a great eagle swept down at that which sat upon my shoulders. I shouted, and the eagle flew away, then I entered the dark of the forest. Here I must walk softly, lest the head of him I carried should strike against the boughs and be smitten from him.

For a while I went on thus, till I drew near to the heart of the forest. Then I heard a wolf howl on my right, and from the left came answering howls, and these, again, were answered by others in front of and behind me. I walked on boldly, for I dared not stay, guiding myself by the sun, which from time to time shone down on me ready through the boughs of the great trees. Now I could see forms grey and black slinking near my path, snuffing at the air as they went, and now I came to a little open place, and, behold! all the wolves in the world were gathered together there. My heart melted, my legs trembled beneath me. On every side were the brutes, great and hungry. I stood still, with club aloft, and slowly they crept up, muttering and growling as they came, till they formed a deep circle round me. Yet they did not spring on me, only drew nearer and ever nearer. Presently one sprang, indeed, but not at me; he sprang at that which sat upon my shoulders. I moved aside, and he missed his aim, and, coming to the ground again, stood there growling and whining like a beast afraid. Then I remembered the words of my dream, if dream it were, how that the Dead One had given me wisdom that I should be king of the ghost-wolves—I and another whom the lion should bear to me. Was it not so? If it was not so, how came it that the wolves did not devour me? For a moment I stood thinking, then I lifted up my voice and howled like a wolf, and lo! Umslopogas, all the wolves howled in answer with a mighty howling. I stretched out my hand and called to them. They ran to me, gathering round me as though to devour me. But they did not devour me; they licked my legs with their red tongues, and fighting to come near me, pressed themselves against me as does a cat. One, indeed, snatched at him who sat on my shoulder, but I struck him with the Watcher and he slunk back like a whipped hound; moreover, the others bit him so that he yelled. Now, I knew that I had no more to fear, for I was king of the ghost-wolves, so I walked on, and with me came all the great pack of them. I walked on and on, and they trotted beside me silently, and the fallen leaves crackled beneath their feet, and the dust rose up about them, till at length I came to the edge of the forest.

"Now I remembered that I must not be seen thus of men, lest they should think me a wizard and kill me. Therefore, at the edge of the forest I halted and made signs to the wolves to go back. At this they howled piteously, as though in grief, but I called to them that I would come again and be their king, and it seemed as though their brute hearts understood my words. Then they all went, still howling, till presently I was alone. And now, Umslopogas, it is time to sleep; to-morrow night I will end my tale."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WOLF-BRETHREN.

Now, my father, on the morrow night, once again Umslopogas and Galazi the Wolf sat by the fire in the mouth of their cave, as we sit to-night, my father, and Galazi took up his tale.

"I passed on till I came to the river; it was still full, but the water had run down a little, so that my feet found foothold. I waded into the river, using the Watcher as a staff, and the stream reached to my elbows, but no higher. Now, one on the farther bank of the river saw that which sat upon my shoulders, and saw also the wolf's skin on my head, and ran to the kraal crying, 'Here comes one who walks the waters on the back of a wolf.' So it came about that as I drew towards the kraal all the people of the kraal were gathered together to meet me, except the old woman, who could not walk so far. But when they saw me coming up the slope of the hill, and when they saw what it was that sat upon my shoulders, they were smitten with fear. Yet they did not run, because of their great wonder, only they walked backward before me, clinging each to each and speaking no word. And I too came on silently, till at length I reached the kraal, and before its gates sat the old woman basking in the sun of the afternoon. Presently she looked up and cried, 'What ails you, people of my house, that you walk backwards like men bewitched, and who is that tall and deathly man who comes toward you?'

"But still they drew on backwards, saying no word, the little children clinging to the women, the women clinging to the men, till they had passed the old wife and ranged themselves behind her like a regiment of soldiers. Then they halted against the fence of the kraal. But I came on to the old woman, and lifted him who sat upon my shoulders, and placed him on the ground before her, saying, 'Woman, here is your son; I have snatched him with much toil from the jaws of the ghosts—and they are many up yonder—all save one foot, which I could not find. Take him now and bury him, for I weary of his fellowship.'

"She looked upon that which sat before her. She put out her withered hand and drew the bandage from his sunken eyes. Then she screamed aloud a shrill scream, and, flinging her arms about the neck of that dead one, she cried: 'It is my son whom I bore—my very son, whom for twice ten years and half a ten I have not looked upon. Greeting, my son,

greeting! Now shalt thou find burial, and I with thee—ay, I with thee!' And once more she cried aloud, and stood upon her feet with arms outstretched. Then of a sudden a foam burst from her lips, and she fell forward upon the body of her son, and was dead.

"Now once more a silence came upon the place, for all were fearful. At last one cried: 'How is this man named who has won the body from the ghosts?'

"I am named Galazi," I answered.

"Nay," said he. "The Wolf are you named. Look at the black wolf's hide upon his head!"

"I am named Galazi, and the Wolf you have named me," I said again. "So be it: I am named Galazi the Wolf."

"Methinks he is a wolf," said he. "Look, now, at his teeth, how they grin! This is no man, my brothers, but a wolf."

"No wolf and no man," said another, "but a wizard. None but a wizard could have passed the forest and won the lap of her who sits in stone for ever."

"Yes, yes! he is a wolf—he is a wizard!" they screamed. "Slay him! Slay the wolf-wizard before he bring the ghosts upon us!" and they ran towards me with uplifted spears.

"I am a wolf indeed," I cried, "and I am a wizard indeed, and I will bring wolves and ghosts upon you ere all is done," and I turned and fled so swiftly that soon they were left behind me. Now, as I ran I met a girl, a basket of mealies was on her head, and in her hand she bore a dead kid. I rushed at her howling like a wolf, and I snatched the mealies from her head and the kid from her hand. Then I fled on, and coming to the river, I crossed it, and for that night I hid myself in the rocks beyond, eating of the mealies and of the flesh of the kid.

"On the morrow at dawn I rose and shook the dew from the wolf-hide. Then I went on into the forest and howled like a wolf. They heard me, the ghost-wolves, and howled in answer from far and near. Then I heard the patterning of their feet, and they came round me by tens and by twenties, and fawned upon me. I counted their number; they numbered three hundred and sixty and three.

"Afterwards, I went on to the cave, and I have lived here in the cave, Umslopogas, for nigh upon twelve moons, and I have become a wolf-man. For with the wolves I hunt and raven, and they know me, and what I bid them that they do. Stay, Umslopogas, now you are strong again, and, if your courage does not fail you, you shall see this very night. Come now, have you the heart, Umslopogas?"

Then Umslopogas rose and laughed aloud. "I am young in years," he cried, "and scarcely come to the full strength of men; yet hitherto I have not turned my back on lion or wolf, or man. Now let us see this imp of yours—this imp black and grey, that runs on four legs with fangs for spears!"

"You must first bind on the she-wolf's hide, Umslopogas," quoth Galazi, "else, before a man could count his fingers twice there would be little enough left of you. Bind it on about the neck and beneath the arms, and see that the fastenings do not burst, lest it be the worse for you."

So Umslopogas took the grey wolf's hide and bound it on with thongs of leather, and its teeth gleamed upon his head, and he took a spear in his hand. Galazi also bound on the hide of the king of the wolves, and they went out on to the space before the cave. Galazi stood there awhile, and the moonlight fell upon him, and Umslopogas saw that his face grew wild and beastlike, that his eyes shone, and his teeth grinded beneath his curling lips. He lifted up his head and howled out upon the night. Thrice Galazi lifted his head and thrice he howled loudly, and yet more loudly. But before ever the echoes had died upon the air, from the heights of the rocks above and the depths of the forest beneath, from the east and the west, from the north and the south, there came howlings in answer. Nearer they grew and nearer; now there was a sound of feet, and a wolf, great and grey, bounded towards them, and after him many another. They came to Galazi, they sprang upon him, fawning round him, but he beat them down with the Watcher. Then of a sudden they saw Umslopogas, and rushed at him open-mouthed.

"Stand and do not move!" cried Galazi. "Be not afraid!"

"I have ever fondled dogs," answered Umslopogas, "shall I learn to fear them now?"

Yet though he spoke boldly, in his heart he was afraid, for this was the most terrible of all sights. The wolves rushed on him open-mouthed, from before and from behind, so that in a breath he was wellnigh hidden by their forms. Yet no fang pierced him, for as they leaped they smelt the smell of the skin upon him, and dropped down at his feet fawning and licking him. Then Umslopogas saw that the wolves leapt at him no more, but the she-wolves gathered round him who wore the she-wolf's skin. They were great and gaunt and hungry, all were full-grown, there were no little ones, and their number was so many that he could not count them in the moonlight. Umslopogas, looking on their red eyes, felt his heart become as the heart of a wolf, and he, too, lifted up his head and howled, and the she-wolves howled in answer.

"The pack is gathered; now for the hunt!" cried Galazi. "Make your feet swift, my brother, for we shall journey far to-night. Ho, Blackfang! Ho, Greysnout! Ho, my people black and grey, away! away!"

He spoke and bounded forward, and with him went Umslopogas, and after them streamed the ghost-wolves. They fled down the mountain sides, leaping from boulder to boulder like bucks. Presently they stood by a kloof that was thick with wood. Galazi stopped, holding up the Watcher, and with him stopped the wolves.

"I smell a quarry," he cried; "in, my people, in!"

Then the wolves plunged silently into the great kloof, but Galazi and Umslopogas drew to the foot of it and waited. Presently there came a sound of breaking boughs, and lo! before them stood a buffalo, a bull who lowed fiercely and snuffed the air.

"This one will give us a good chase, my brother; see, he is gaunt and thin! Ah! that meat is tender which my people have hunted to the death!"

As Galazi spoke, the first of the wolves drew from the covert and saw the buffalo; and then, giving tongue, they sprang towards it. The bull saw also, and dashed down the hill, and after him came Galazi and Umslopogas, and with them all their company, and the rocks shook with the music of their hunting. They rushed down the mountain side, and this came into the heart of Umslopogas, that he, too, was a wolf. They rushed madly, yet his feet were swift as the swiftest; no wolf could outstrip him, and in him was but one desire—the desire of prey. Now they neared the borders of the forest, and Galazi shouted. He shouted to Greysnout and to Blackfang, to Blood and to Deathgrip, and these four leaped forward from the pack, running so swiftly that their bellies seemed to touch the ground. They passed about the bull, turning him from the forest and setting his head up the slope of the mountain. Then the chase wheeled, the bull leaped and bounded up the mountain side, and on one flank lay Greysnout and Deathgrip and on the other lay Blood and Blackfang, while behind came the Wolf-Brethren, and after them the wolves with lolling tongues. Up the hill they sped, but the feet of Umslopogas never wearied, his

breath did not fail him. Once more they drew near the lap of the stone Witch, where the cave was. On rushed the bull, mad with fear. He rushed so swiftly that the wolves were left behind, since here for a space the ground was level to his feet. Galazi looked on Umslopogas at his side, and grinned.

"You do not run so ill, my brother, who have been sick of late. See now if you can outrun me! Who shall touch the quarry first?"

Now the bull was ahead by two spear-throws. Umslopogas looked and said, "Look at Galazi. 'Galazi' he cries."

They sped forward with a bound, and for a while it seemed to Umslopogas as though they stood side by side, only the bull grew nearer and nearer. Then he put out his strength and the swiftness of his feet, and lo! when he looked again he was alone, and the bull was very near. Never were feet so swift as those of Umslopogas. Now he reached the bull as he

Umslopogas said that it was rather in his mind to seek his sister Nada, for he was weary of the kraal of Chaka, but he thought on Nada day and night.

"Where, then, is Nada, your sister?" asked Galazi.

"She tarries in the caves of your people, Galazi; she tarries with the Halakazi."

"Stay a while, Umslopogas," cried Galazi; "stay till we are men indeed. Then we will seek this sister of yours and snatch her from the caves of the Halakazi."

Now, the desire of this wolf-lid had entered into the heart of Umslopogas, and he said that it should be so, and on the morrow they made them blood-brothers, to be one till death, before all the company of the ghost-wolves, and the wolves howled when they smelt the blood of men. In all things henceforth these two were equal, and the ghost-wolves hearkened to the voice of both of them. And on many a moonlight night they and the wolves hunted together, winning their food. At times they crossed the river, hunting in the plains, and the

people of the kraal would come on hearing the mighty howling, and watch the pack sweep across the plains, and with them a man or men. Then they would say that the ghosts were abroad and creep into their huts shivering with fear. But as yet the Wolf-Brethren and their pack killed no men, but game only, or, at times, elephants and lions.

Now, when Umslopogas had some moons on the Ghost Mountain, on a night he dreamed of Nada, and awakening soft at heart, he thought him that he would learn tidings concerning me, his father, Mopo, and what had befallen me and her whom he deemed his mother, and Nada, his sister, and his other brethren. So he dressed himself, hiding his nakedness, and, leaving Galazi, descended to that kraal where the old woman had dwelt, and there gave it out that he was a young man, a chief's son from a far place, who sought a wife. The people of the kraal listened to him, though they held that his look was fierce and wild, and one asked if this were Galazi the Wolf, Galazi the Wizard. But another answered that this was not Galazi, for their eyes had seen him. Umslopogas said that he knew nothing of Galazi, and little of wolves, and lo! while he spoke there came an impi of fifty men who entered the kraal. Umslopogas looked at the leaders of the impi and knew them for captains of Chaka. At first he would have spoken to them, but his *Ehlo* made him hold his peace. So he sat in a corner of the big hut and listened. Presently the headman of the kraal, who trembled with fear, for he believed that the impi had been sent to destroy him and all that were his, asked of the captain what was his will.

"A little matter, and a vain," said the captain. "We are sent by the king to search for a certain youth, Umslopogas, the son of Mopo, the king's doctor. Mopo gave it out that the youth was slain by a lion near these mountains, and Chaka would learn if this is true."

"We know nothing of the youth," said the headman. "But what would ye of him?"

"Only this," answered the captain, "to kill him."

"That is yet to do," thought Umslopogas.

"Who is this Mopo?" asked the headman.

"Anevilloer, whose house the king has eaten up—man, woman, and child," answered the captain.

(To be continued.)



Then he lifted the spear in his hand, and drove it down between the bull's shoulders.

laboured on. Umslopogas placed his hands upon the back of the bull and leaped; he was on him, he sat him as you white men sit a horse. Then he lifted the spear in his hand, and drove it down between the shoulders to the spine, and of a sudden the great buffalo staggered, stopped, and fell dead.

Then Galazi came up. "Who now is the swiftest, Galazi?" cried Umslopogas, "I, or you, or your wolf host?"

"You are the swiftest, Umslopogas," said Galazi, gasping for his breath. "Never did a man run as you run, nor ever shall again."

Now the wolves came up, and would have torn the carcass, but Galazi beat them back, and they rested awhile. Then Galazi said, "Let us eat meat from the bull with a spear."

So they cut meat from the bull, and when they had finished Galazi motioned to the wolves, and they fell upon the carcass, fighting furiously. In a little while nothing was left except the larger bones, and yet each wolf had but a little.

Then they went back to the cave and slept.

Afterwards Umslopogas told Galazi all his tale, and Galazi asked him if he would abide with him and be his brother, and rule with him over the wolf-kind, or seek his father Mopo at the kraal of Chaka.

WORKHOUSE HUMILIATIONS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Not yet shall we see the establishment of any such system of State pensioning as Mr. Chamberlain proposes or as Mr. Charles Booth suggests. By-and-bye, perhaps, under some "sweeping" scheme may be attempted. At the present time?—No. Were I asked why I venture so positive an opinion, and had I the spacious platform of the *Quarterly Review* to reply from, I should answer in thirteen seven arguments, not one of them clouded by a specious theory; but as that which makes a baker's dozen of them is sufficient in itself, the other twelve may be omitted. No such scheme will be seriously prosecuted, because there are no votes in it. There is not the least flutter of sensation among those whom it is meant to benefit. To their blam, perhaps, these good people "don't see it"; or they have seen it before (as in a Friendly Society plan or a Poor Law Union), and long for it as much as M. de Diderot. It is bad, it will not "boom," and there's an end on t.

But good will come of the common talk about pensions for the aged poor; or so it is most reasonable to hope. It is reasonable to hope that, as a consequence, there will be a general brightening of those abodes of gloom, the workhouses; and the softening of rules and regulations adopted when it was far easier to endure them. Every argument in support of the pension scheme has been heightened by expansion on the chill gray miseries of workhouse life and its crushing degradations. These were well enough known, but when any pension scheme was heard of, in neither the *Quarterly* nor the acceptance of Mr. Chamberlain's plan will mitigate them in the least. For in neither case can workhouses be abolished; and, granting the pensioning forty years must pass before a smaller number of poorhouse inmates endure the oppression of spirit to which those hopeless populations are condemned. A sincere compassion will therefore hasten to contrive some instant means of remedy.

No expedient can bring happiness into a workhouse; but at very little cost, or even of none, much that painfully reminds its inmates of their fallen condition may be expelled from it. The sordid uniformity of the clothing in which these unfortunate more about, and the very *lack* of it, it seems to be to mark them off from the nobler poverty that chooses to go free—no humiliation is felt more deeply than that. I know, of course, how true it is that there are no such deprivations as those of the workhouse gaub man. All man and woman would knock for admission who now shrink from the sight of the workhouse doors. Some tests of a man to compelling poverty no doubt there should be; but can none be found that fall short of an hourly and a lifelong mortification? Suppose the workhouse dress a little less mean, suppose it not quite so torturingly ugly: would that make so much difference in the number of applicants for pauper? What is most desired, however, is some variation in dress, some appearance of individuality, of choice. When workhouses were first built there was much more uniformity of attire in the several classes of society than there is now, and the *lack* alike as paupers was less wounding. And what if the gowns were not of chequered ticking? What if all the shawls were not mud-coloured, or all the bonnets black pokes traversed by a strip of ribbon in exactly the same place? It would cost no more to have three different sorts of gowns and shawls and bonnets in every populous poorhouse, allowing each old woman to have the "bit of a change" that would make her feel so much more human: and yet the *lack* of the *lack* of Mr. Bonyhaly, the workhouse steward, to be in every garment. But most of all, perhaps we should have a pitying and a polite thought to the poor children. These little girls, these little boys file through the gay streets in their scraggy, mean, and meagre uniform, and not to know what lies behind those pale, unspeculative faces many a heart but would be moved and even with anger, would be mere stone. And it is not with these as with the old woman. They are out of the world with whatever humiliations and resentments they may happen to feel. This bitterly suppressed childhood is coming into the world to play some part in it. What makes a difference that any man of sense may enter a workhouse? Of course, I do not suggest that the children of the workhouse should be decked out like the child of the sublunary sun. I only will say I do; but I am sure no harm would be done. It is good would be done—if these poor children had the innocent, inexpensive pleasure of a little variety, a little change of dress, a touch of differing brightness even on parade days, so as to be remotely like the other little girls and boys they meet on the way. It might make a wholesome, if not to some of the wilfuldest and wildest of them as the, at wimp; and, for most, soften the pain of very painful miseries.

Furthermore, a workhouse would be a workhouse still if its interior walls were not so many sheets of ghastly paper. Two penn'orth of colour thrown into this bucket of white-wash, two penn'orth of another colour thrown into that, would make these same walls varied, warm, gay, were the brusl applied with the commonest skill. I suppose there are not many workhouses with a smoking-room, yet it would be no great inducement to go "into the house" if a cold, wet, wintry evening to meet together for an evening hour to smoke what tobacco their friends may have tipped them with. At this there is the undetermined question whether in old couples who are known to have lived an orderly, innocentious life, must needs be separated from each other if they are compelled to go to the poorhouse. That, however, I can only mention; but it is one of many little things that must be reconsidered if we have come to the conclusion that the poor, when they are old and can work no longer, must be better provided for by the whole community. For most assuredly there are of thousands of honest and hard-working men will never be able to save enough to bring themselves w in the scope of any such plan as Mr. Chamberlain's. And, besides, don't we see that it will not begin to work (if it be capable of working at all) till forty years hence?

It is now useless to send to India letters &c., for Cabul and other parts of Afghanistan, because they cannot be forwarded to their destination unless, in addition to the ordinary postage to India, they either bear stamps of the Post Office of Cabul, or are accompanied by a remittance in money for such postage to the agent of the Ameer at Peshawar. As the British Post Office has no other means of obtaining access to the dominions of the Ameer, there will be no alternative but to detain and return to the senders any letters ostensibly addressed to Afghanistan not fulfilling the prescribed conditions; but if such letters were posted here, enclosed and addressed to an agent or correspondent in India, they could, of course, be dealt with on arrival by such agent or correspondent.



LADY ALINGTON (MISS BLUNDELL LEIGH).



LORD ALINGTON.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD ALINGTON.



"AN ANXIOUS MOMENT."—BY H. RETTIG.

THE TRAMP ABROAD AGAIN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

of place and like an intruder—an intruder who is wearing his everyday clothes at a fancy-dress ball. But presently, on your right, huge green mountain ramparts rise up, and after that, for hours, you are absorbed in watching the rich shadow-effects which they furnish, and are only dully aware that New England is gone and that you are flying past quaint and unspeakably

is to say, from the very old to the spick-and-span new; from an architecture totally without shapeliness or ornament to an architecture attractively equipped with both; from universal dismalness as to colour to universal brightness and beauty of tint; from a town which seems made up of prisons to a town which is made up of gracious and graceful mansions proper to the light of heart and crimeless. It is like jumping out of Jerusalem into Chicago.

The more I think of these many changes the more surprising the thing seems. I have never made so picturesquely a journey before, and surely there cannot be another trip of like length in the world that can furnish so much variety and of so charming and interesting a sort.



FERDINANDSBRUNNEN, MARIENBAD.

old towns and towers. Next day you have the Lake of Zurich, and presently the Rhine is swinging by you. How clean it is! How clear it is! How blue it is! How green it is! How swift and rollicking and insolent is its gait and style! How vivid and splendid its colours, beautiful wreck and chaos of all the soap-bubbles in the universe! A person born on the Rhine must worship it—

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard, or seemed to hear, The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear. Yes, that is where his heart would be, that is where his last thoughts would be, the "soldier of the legion," who "lay dying in Algiers."

And by-and-bye you are in a German region, which you discover to be quite different from the recent Swiss lands behind you. You have a sea before you; that is to say, the green land goes rolling away in ocean swells to the horizon. And there is another new feature: here and there, at wide intervals, you have islands—hills two and three hundred feet high, of a haystack form, that rise abruptly out of the green plain, and are wooded solidly to the top. On the top there is just room for a ruined castle, and there it is, every time; above the summit you see the crumbling arches and broken towers projecting.

Beyond Stuttgart, next day, you find other changes still. By-and-bye, approaching and leaving Nuremberg and down by Neuhaus, your landscape is humped everywhere with scattered knobs of rock, unsociable crags of a rude tower-like look, and thatched with grass and vines and bushes. And now, and then you have gorges, too, of a modest pattern up to size, with precipice walls curiously curved and honeycombed by—I don't know what; but water, no doubt.

The changes are not done yet; for the instant the country finds it is out of Württemberg and into Bavaria it discards one more thickness of soil to go with previous disrobing, and then nothing remains over the bones but the shift. There may be a poorer soil somewhere, but it is not likely.

A couple of hours from Bayreuth you cross into Bohemia, and before long you reach this Marienbad and recognise another sharp change—the change from the Long Ago to To-Day; that

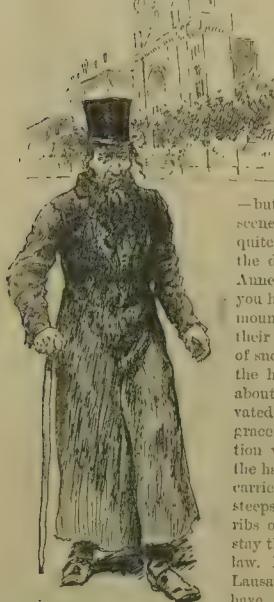
There are only two or three streets here in this snug pocket in the hemlock hills, but they are handsome. When you stand at the foot of a street and look up the slant of it, you see only block-fronts of graceful pattern, with happily broken lines and the pleasing accent of bay projections and balconies in orderly disorder and harmonious confusion, and always the colour is fresh and cheery—various shades of cream, with softly contrasting trimmings of white, and now and then a touch of crimson. These blocks are all thick-walled, solid, massive, tall, for this is Europe; but it is the brightest and newest-looking town on the Continent, and as pretty as anybody could require. The steep hills spring high aloft from the very back doors, and are clothed densely to their tops with hemlocks.

In Bavaria everybody is in uniform, and you wonder where the private citizens are; but here, in Bohemia, the uniforms are very rare. Occasionally one catches a glimpse of an Austrian officer, but it is only occasionally. Uniforms are so scarce that

On the top there is just room for a ruined castle, and there it is, every time.

IV.—AN AUSTRIAN HEALTH-FACTORY.

This place is the village of Marienbad, Bohemia. It seems no very great distance from Annecy, in Haute Savoie, to this place—you make it in less than thirty hours by these continental express trains—but the changes in the scenery are great; they are quite out of proportion to the distance covered. From Annecy, by Aix, to Geneva you have blue lakes, with bold mountains springing from their borders, and far glimpses of snowy wastes lifted against the horizon beyond, while all about you is a garden cultivated to the last possibility of grace and beauty—a cultivation which doesn't stop with the handy lower levels, but is carried right up the sheer steeps, and propped there with ribs of masonry, and made to stay there in spite of Newton's law. Beyond Geneva—beyond Lausanne, at any rate—you have for a while a country which noticeably resembles New England, and seems out



Almost the only striking figure is the Polish Jew.



The crowds that drift along the Promenade at music-time, twice a day, are fashionably dressed, after the Parisian pattern.

we seem to be in a Republic. Almost the only striking figure is the Polish Jew. He is very frequent. He is tall and of grave countenance, and wears a coat that reaches to his ankle-bones, and he has a little wee curl or two in front of each ear. He is a prosperous looking, and seems to be as much respected as anybody.

The crowds that drift along the Promenade at music-time, twice a day, are fashionably dressed, after the Parisian pattern, and they look a good deal alike; but they speak a lot of language which you have not encountered before, and no ignorant person can spell their names, and they can't pronounce them themselves.

Marienbad—Mary's Bath: the "Mary" is the Virgin. She is the patroness of these curative springs. They try to cure

They make you drop everything that gives an interest to life. Their idea is to reverse your whole system of existence and make a regenerating revolution. If you are a Republican they make you talk Free Trade; if you are a Democrat they make you talk Protection; if you are a Prohibitionist you have to go to bed drunk every night till you get well. They spare nothing, they spare nobody. "Reform! reform!" that is their whole song. If a person is an orator, they gag him; if he likes to read, they won't let him; if he wants to sing, they make him whistle. They say they can cure any ailment, and they do seem to do it; but why should a patient come all the way here? Why shouldn't he do these things at home and save the money? No disease would stay with a person who treated it like that.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

My Thoughts on Music and Musicians. By H. Heathcote Statham. (London: Chapman and Hall, 1892.)—Mr. H. Heathcote Statham's "Thoughts on Music and Musicians" is a heroic book. When a cause is so utterly lost as anti-Wagnerism is—when one concert programmes and opera bills are so be-Wagnered that one meets an alarming number of young people to whom music means Wagner and nothing else, Haydn and Mozart being mere names to them—when even the daily papers believe and tremble, there is something fine in the spectacle of a single figure standing immovable amid the general rout, and, with unabated crest, hurling at his victorious enemy all the defiance and scorn of the old days when the fortune of war went the other way. And how uncompromisingly Mr. Statham does it! It is not so much that he sums up Wagner as "the most remarkable charlatan that ever appeared in art," adding that the characteristic qualities of charlatanism are "brag and insincerity"; nor that he extends this summing up by describing the composer as "one of the most vain, vulgar, selfish egotists that ever lived"; nor that he taunts him with the money he borrowed from Liszt; nor that he holds up his hands in horror at Siegfried's father and mother, in the "Nibelungen Lied," marrying within our prohibited degrees of kinship; nor even that he returns, in his extremity, to the worn-out jibes at "the wretched dragon that spouts steam out of its nostrils and is killed by a lath sword, the Valkyrie maidens drawn across the top of the scene on rocking-horses, and the still more absurd 'real horse' that acts as Brunhilde's charger, and is lugged in and out with a pertinacity which suggests 'Scenes in the Life of a Cabhorse' as a subtitle for the last two plays." For all this is the outcome of a foregone conclusion that Wagner is a dog, and any stick, therefore, good enough to beat him with. It reflects on the writer's temper and common-sense, not on his musical sensibility. But when, after quoting the first mournful strain of the shepherd's pipe in the third act of "Tristan," he adds, "Compare this tuneless and tortured form of jodel with the Ranz des Vaches phrase in the overture to 'William Tell,'" all remonstrance, all amazement, give way to hearty admiration of the writer's dogged courage and devoted self-sacrifice. One's only impulse is to go up to him—to shake his hand—to pat him on the back. It is magnificent; but it is not criticism. Even in his little popular lesson on harmony at the beginning of the book, he does not hesitate to suggest that the extremest discord which any competent musician would use without preparation as the first chord in a composition is a diminished seventh, or at most an added sixth—an implication too desperate to be fully appreciated by anyone except a musician well acquainted with modern dramatic music. The explanation, of course, is that Wagner frequently began an act with harsher discord. There is little reason to doubt that if Mr. Statham were to write a treatise on pure acoustics, he would somehow state the physical laws of musical sound in such a way as to exclude all the notes in Wagner's scores from his definition.

It need hardly be added that the critical portions of Mr. Statham's essays on Mozart and Beethoven are hopelessly disabled by his determination to extol absolute music at the expense of dramatic and descriptive music. Although Mozart is a hobby of his, he belittles him by ignoring the greatest side of him, and dwelling with the detail of a programme-writer on his mere ingenuity, besides repeating old stories about the composition of overtures in a single night, &c., founded on the fact that Mozart, unlike Beethoven, elaborated his works "in his head," and did not take up the pen until they were finished; so that he once composed a prelude while he was writing out the fugue for it. Mr. Statham actually mentions this incident, thereby conclusively disposing of the childish tale which he quotes about Mozart's composing the overture to "Don Juan" the night before the performance, whilst he was so tired that he dropped off to sleep in spite of his wife's efforts to keep him awake by telling him stories and giving him punch. Obviously he was simply copying the overture, not composing it. The chapter on Beethoven, again, is spoiled by the intentional surcharging of the laudation of the "abstract" symphonies in order to give relief to the inevitable anti-Wagnerian strictures on the choral symphony, the "Eroica," and the "Pastoral," in criticising which last Mr. Statham descends to such schoolmasterly objections as that the thunder in the storm movement is wrong, because it is irregular for some of the basses to be playing five notes whilst others are playing four. Somewhat more quarrelsome in manner are the exceptions he takes to such colloquialisms in the articles of Wagner's admirers as can be made to pass for solecisms, he himself, be it remembered, writing meanwhile with all imaginable freedom, using adjectives for adverbs in the most conversational manner, and, for instance, informing his readers in quaint English-Italian that kettle-drums are called "tympani." Mr. Statham should remember that the one thing that is not permitted to the champion of a lost cause is too small a style of fighting.

Fortunately, there are considerable portions of the book which the author, forgetting Wagner for the moment, wrote with his temper undisturbed and his critical faculty unbiased. On these occasions he appears as a musician of intensive, if not extensive, knowledge and clear judgment, and as a writer with a certain vigorous self-possession and common-sense not always to be found in the literature of the fine arts. His is justifiably boastful of the sanity of his admiration for Mendelssohn; and his counterblast to Sir George Grove on the subject of Schubert, though there is, perhaps, a little too much made in it of the personal slovenliness of the composer, and of his preference of the servants' hall to the drawing-room at Count Esterhazy's, is, in the main, a sound and timely piece of criticism. The essay on Chopin is an appreciative one (which is no small praise for it); whilst on that Liszt, considering Mr. Statham's violent antipathy to Liszt's school, is, in intention, a very generous one. But the best chapters are undoubtedly those on the organ and on Bach, especially that part which deals with the organ fugues. If readers will bear in mind always that Mr. Statham is an architect, and criticises music chiefly from his professional point of view, they will be able to learn something from his steady eye, his clear head, and his straightforward and effective literary style.

G. B. S.

THE LATE DR. JUNKER.

One of the most indefatigable and reliable German travellers in East Central Africa, whose services to geographical exploration were considerable, and who was personally much connected with the original object of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition four or five years ago, has died, at St. Petersburg, fifty-one years of age. Dr. Wilhelm Junker, though born at Moscow, was educated in Germany as a scientific naturalist and physician, and, like Dr. Schweinfurth and Dr. Edward Schnitzer (Emin Pasha), early turned his steps to the imperfectly known regions of the Mohammedan empire. His first visits were to Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt, but in 1876 he set forth on a long series of devious journeys from Khartoum up the White Nile, reached Lado and the Makraka country, and made three great excursions, promoted by Emin Pasha, in different directions—namely, to Rohl and Gattas westward, examining the streams which flow north into the Bahr-el-Ghazal; to the land of the Dinka tribes, Bongo, Mitta, and Abacea, returning by way of Abdul-sammet; and southward to the Fajla, Kaukau, and Kalika districts, where he observed the Blue Mountains, afterwards visited by Mr. Stanley, rising in the distance, to the west of Lake Albert Nyanza. He returned to Lado, after completing these explorations, at the end of June 1878, and then came home to Europe. In the following year he went out again to Africa and resumed his travels, dividing with Captain Casati, under Emin Pasha's direction, the task of inspecting various countries and barbarous nations within the sphere of the Equatorial Nile province. His researches in Monbutta, and along the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as well as those eastward of the White Nile, were of some importance. The Mahdi rebellion in the Soudan prevented his coming home. In 1883 he was sent on a mission to Uyoro, but was long detained there by the intrigues of Kabrega, the native king, and by the war between Uyoro and Uganda, in spite of which he contrived to procure the safe continuance of Emin Pasha's correspondence with Europe by the eastern coast route. This was entirely cut off in 1886, and Dr. Junker, having been deprived of his communications with Emin Pasha at Wadelai, had much difficulty

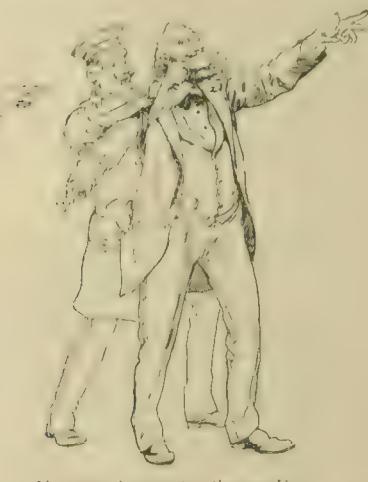


THE LATE DR. WILHELM JUNKER, AFRICAN TRAVELLER.

in leaving Uganda, which was then disturbed by war and revolutions. His letters forwarded by way of Zanzibar to Dr. R. W. Felkin, of Edinburgh, and published in England, informed the public mind with regard to Emin Pasha's embarrassing situation, and suggested the project of the Relief Expedition, which was intended to be sent inland from the eastern seacoast, not by way of the Congo, and which was to have conveyed stores, funds, and ammunition to enable the Governor, Emin Pasha, to hold his garrisons on the White Nile. As everybody knows, this expedition was, against the advice of Dr. Junker and Dr. Schweinfurth, and contrary to the wishes of Emin Pasha himself, converted into a very different undertaking, and was made subordinate to the extension policy of the Congo Free State, the alliance with Tippoo Tib, and the acquisition of territory for the new British East Africa Company. Dr. Junker was certainly not responsible for the course actually pursued, or for its utter failure to preserve a civilising dominion in the remaining province of the Egyptian Soudan. One of the serious losses to be regretted in consequence of that failure is the probable destruction of large collections of natural history specimens at Lado, obtained by Dr. Junker and others, besides those which Emin Pasha had formed, and the materials of exact scientific knowledge gained by many years of patient toil and study.

Mr. Gladstone, while at Nice, had a visit from Madame Bashkirtseff, mother of the late Marie Bashkirtseff, in whose now famous diary Mr. Gladstone displayed much interest. The lady thanked him for all that he has done in making known the peculiar genius of her remarkable daughter, of whose life Madame Bashkirtseff gave Mr. Gladstone some details. In Nice, where much of the diary was written, Marie lived with her mother on the Promenade des Anglais.

The British Colonies promise to be largely represented at the Chicago Exhibition. The amounts voted by the various Colonial Governments already nearly reach £75,000, three times the appropriation made by the Home Government—£25,000—and large additions will be made to this total when the other colonies who have applied for space announce the amounts they intend to spend. Canada, for instance, has not yet decided on her expenditure, though she will make an extensive exhibit. The total area allotted to Great Britain and the Colonies will probably be about 300,000 square feet, the largest space ever filled by us at any foreign exhibition except Paris in 1878 (363,600 square feet), and this will have to be increased by the erection of annexes or otherwise if the demands of the Colonies are to be even approximately satisfied. New South Wales has already asked for 300,000, the whole amount available, other known demands come up to another 100,000, and as much as reasonably can be demanded for Canada, so that a total area of 500,000 has practically been applied for by the Colonies alone, leaving out of the question the requirements of the mother country.



If a person is an orator, they gag him.

everything—gout, rheumatism, leanness, flatness, dyspepsia, and all the rest. The whole thing is the property of a convert, and has been for six or seven hundred years. However, there was never a boom here until a quarter of a century ago,

A TOUGH HEALTH-DRILL.

If a person has the gout, this is what they do with him: They have him out at 5.30 in the morning, and give him an egg and let him look at a cup of tea. At six he must be at his peculiar spring with his tumbler hanging at his belt—and he will have plenty of company there. At the first note of the orchestra he must lift his tumbler and begin to sip his dreadful water with the rest. He must sip slowly and be a long time at it. Then he must tramp about the hills for an hour or so, and get all the exercise and fresh air possible. Then he takes his tub or wallows in his mud if mud baths are his sort. By noon he has a fine appetite, and the rules allow him to turn himself loose now and satisfy it, so long as he is careful



If you are a Prohibitionist, you have to go to bed drunk every night till you get well.

and eats only such things as he doesn't want. He pats in the afternoon walking the hills and filling up with fresh air: at night he is allowed to take three ounces of any kind of food he doesn't like, and drink one glass of any kind of liquor that he has a prejudice against; he may also smoke one pipe if he isn't used to it. At half-past nine the sharpie must be in bed and his candle out. Repeat the whole thing next day. I don't see any advantage in this over having the gout.

In the case of most diseases, that is about what one is required to undergo; and if you have any pleasant habit that you value, they want that. They want that the first thing,

LITERATURE.

V. K. H. B.

Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews: 1865-90. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." In two volumes. Vol. I. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 1892.)—When "A. K. H. B." began to delight and instruct the outer world with his thoughts and opinions, he was "a country parson," and although, as was natural, he soon ceased to be that, he does well to allure readers to his latest book by reminding them of his earliest. For a third of a century he has ministered in the cities of Edinburgh or St. Andrews—for, though never populous, St. Andrews has been a city for a thousand years or more. In its modern history, thirty years ago, it is fondly remembered, was the golden age, and the society—which then included Forbes, Ferrier, Sharp, Tulloch, Sellar, and Park—was never rivalled, perhaps, either there or elsewhere, within boundaries so narrow. But when 1863 came round it saw a change. The little circle had broken into many pieces, and among the missing segments was the well-beloved Dr. Park, whose place "A. K. H. B." came to fill, and has ever since remained to occupy. The golden age, however, seems to have been preceded by one of inferior metal, a week's experience of which prompted Professor Ayton to make a very odious comparison. He said that another notoriously uncomfortable region was "a quiet and friendly place compared with St. Andrews." "I believe, indeed," remarks here the minister of the latter parish, "there were breezes in that old time. But they have passed, and there are peace and kindliness now."

A calm of even less duration than a quarter of a century is apt to become oppressive to eager spirits, and "A. K. H. B." has been unable to resist the temptation to woo the breezes back again. His efforts can hardly have been quite in vain, and St. Andrews is probably now enjoying a winter more bracing than usual. The faces of the worthies who greeted the author on his arrival—Forbes, Sharp, Tulloch, Spencer Baynes, "come back" he sighs, "only too vividly.... I suppose they must have had their little faults, those friends departed: I cannot remember any now.... and only good shall be written on this page of the brothers who have gone before us." This assurance is the more grateful that it comes just in time to prevent misunderstanding of the spirit which dictated the sentences immediately following it—"We smiled a little when in departed days, while a wave of what is called *revival* passed over this region, the admirable Sharp was moved to an extreme sensitiveness of conscience. Only, somewhat perversely, his conscience pointed out Tulloch's sins and not his own. And he penitently confessed these to many friends.... Tulloch only smiled at his colleague's concern for him. And when the sudden news came of Sharp's departure, I beheld my dear friend's unfeigned tears." The author sheds tears of his own over Sharp, but cannot help mingling with them recollections of how "crotchetly" he had been about the author's crotchetts, and how unpopular (deservedly, he fears) with the students. But for the attestation that it wells from a heart filled full with loving kindness, all this (and more, regarding other "dear friends") might have been mistaken for something else than the faithfulness and candour needed to correct the too partial estimates of more intimate but less clear-sighted associates of the departed brother. This fatal gift of clear-sightedness is the special burden of that class, confined to no rank or profession, to whom no brother-man presents himself as a hero. Of Tulloch, the author's appreciation of whom is more than usual in harmony with that of less acute friends, it is good-naturedly told that "it cost argument to break him of speaking of 'Paul Maul,'" and we are pained to learn that another "outstanding" friend—still living, and so able to profit by the delicate hint—says "awtions." Another also, happily still living, and a world-famous preacher, is treated with an almost ostentatious display of Christian candour. His preaching was the delight of "A. K. H. B."s" callow youth, "but not everyone admired it as we Glasgow students used to do." Neither Liddon, nor "the biggest of colonial prelates," nor the St. Andrews "Principals" could tolerate it—only Stanley—who esteemed it above Bishop Magee. And, continuing, "A. K. H. B." declares that the great preacher (whom all men honour) "tends to be coarse when he tries to be funny" and that he "never heard anyone speak of real help derived from his teaching." There is surely admirable courage here—audacity even; but another passage seems to have been inspired by the opposite quality. Writing, and, in the main, worthily, of another great Scottish clergyman now passed away, it is said that to have been of his kin was a worldly advantage to a man. "Some of them may really have been 'noble fellows,' and may have been doing magnificently. But most of us really could not say these things about our very near relations."

Some phrases, such as this: "Parish minister (you would say rector)," indicate that the author surmises (or hopes) he may be read only in England; but there are many allusions which will hardly be intelligible out of Scotland. There is much, for instance, about a "hymnal" and "innovations" from which little can be gathered beyond a suspicion that the questions were trivialities, that their discussion developed unseemly heat, and that "A. K. H. B." emerged from the conflict more or less dishevelled. Even victory and many years' enjoyment of the spoil seem to have failed of their usual effect on generous minds. Writing of the final vote of the General Assembly which authorised "The Scottish Hymnal," its champion says: "Some, unversed in the ways of Church Courts, learned that evening how good it is for any cause to be opposed with extreme ignorance and with manifest personal malignity." Clearly Sheridan was of the "unversed," and no prophet, when he wrote—

So shall my theme as far contrasted be
As saints by flonds, or hymns by calumny.

"Like all men of culture and devotion outside her pale, Dr. Alexander had a strong gravitation to the Church of England." The inference is irresistible, though it may be drawn equally from a hundred other passages in this diverting book. The parish minister of St. Andrews "gravitates" and no attitude better exhibits his inexhaustible Christian humility. Mr. Wickfield's clerk was not more "umble," more insatiable of contumely for himself and his belongings than "A. K. H. B." for himself and for the Establishment he adorns. His Anglican friends—now Stanley is gone—all seem to indulge him liberally. When he asks them to preach for him, they may "shake their heads sadly," or, more articulately, tell him his church is "a schismatical place of worship"; yet they are forgiven, and the other cheek turned to the smiter by this loyal son of the Kirk. Nor has the crown of martyrdom been denied, for, although Jenny Geddes throws no stools nowadays, she casts imputations freely, and has called "A. K. H. B." "Episcopalian" and even "Papist."

J. D. C.

Peter: A Cat o' One Tail. By Louis Wain and Charles Morley. That the biography of a cat should come out of the *Half Mall Gazette*

office is not more remarkable than that innumerable tales of dogs should wing in the *Spectator*. After reading a chapter or two of Mr. Charles Morley's vivacious and veracious narrative, we were thinking of starting a domestic pet of our own, when we observed that our author had pressed a perfect menagerie into his volume. First there was Peter; then came a bulldog, a pug-dog, some white rats, several mice, four monkeys, a row of canaries, a string of black-beetles, and a parrot. As Mr. Morley is evidently anxious to

copyright all these creatures, what is left to us? On what bird or beast shall we lavish the treasures of our affection, with the aid of Mr. Louis Wain's charming pencil? We had some idea of taking up a fish, say an eel, but Mr. Wain has forestalled us, for there is a picture of Peter disporting himself with a wriggling denizen of the slime. We can only revenge ourselves by suggesting that, while Mr. Morley tells his stories of Peter with great energy and inexhaustible resource, he is really hankering after dogs. His heart is with Teufel the terrier, the hero of an earlier book. He cannot introduce Teufel with any show of relevance, but he is bursting to tell us tales of other dogs, and he tells them extremely well. There is a showman, who has a moving anecdote of a burglar named Apple Blossom (which is prettier than Bill Sikes) and his dog, who is called Death. The showman befriends the burglar, who dies, and bequeaths the dog to his benefactor, with the injunction that, if anything goes wrong with Death, sixteenpence of "Old Tom" (gin, not cat) will set him right. The first use of the gin is necessary when the burglar is buried, for the dog has to be drugged before he will allow his master's body to be taken away. It must be confessed that this legend throws Peter's gambols into the shade, and he is again eclipsed by the parrot. The showman gives place to a bird-fancier, a most tender-hearted specimen of his class, who buys a parrot for a great deal more than its value to show his sympathy with a penniless widow. The parrot is an accomplished and an unusually well-bred bird, for when anybody says, "Swear, Polly," the bird, instead of replying with the proverbial vocabulary of the army in Flanders, gravely observes, "I'll tell Canterbury," as if he were familiar with archbishops. It must be allowed that, morally, birds who talk in fiction have made commendable progress since Barnaby Rudge's raven was wont to introduce himself as a devil. Amidst these varied marvels Peter is born and bred, and acquires such propriety and refinement that he says his prayers, and when he wants to sneeze he retires, with a highly original delicacy, to perform the operation on the door-mat. Mr. Morley has anticipated the scepticism of critics who assign such anecdotes to the spirit of Munchausen, for he says with great scorn that he declines to argue with any critic that ever lived. But we believe them all, even the tale of the old maid who buried five favourite cats amid the muffled peal of a dinner-bell. The bird-fancier's soft-heartedness does not excite our incredulity, and when the widow turns out not to be a widow after all, but the wife of a sunburnt sailor, who was erroneously supposed to have been drowned at sea, and who, after the manner of sailors, taught his parrot to rebuke the profane, we accept everything with a grateful tear. The drolliness of Mr. Morley is emulated by Mr. Wain, whose fancy touches a multitude of objects, including a skeleton, with unfailing skill. A book so full of animal life may be safely commended to the student of natural history, and, apart from its scientific value, which is great, it possesses the supreme quality of perpetual entertainment.

VANESSA.

Esther Vanhomrigh. By Margaret Woods. (John Murray.)—No one who has read "A Village Tragedy" will be disposed to underrate the qualities which distinguish Mrs. Woods's new novel, the intellectual force of the characterisation, the admirable structure of the narrative, and the simple intensity of an irretrievable sorrow. The story of Esther and her hopeless passion for Swift is told with much art, and difficult as is the task of re-creating in fiction personages who have made striking figures in history, Mrs. Woods has given us a vivid insight into the relations between the great Dean and the two women who have been immortalised by the names he gave them. It may be said that the portrait of Swift is incomplete. We do not see the brutality which is apparent in Thackeray's sketch in "Esmond." Nor is there more than a casual glimpse of Swift's intercourse with the great men of his time. But Mrs. Woods has a perfect right to show us the Dean simply on his domestic side, as it was presented to Stella and the Vanhomrighs. The story makes very clear the probable origin and development of his interest in Esther, and the growth in her stormy heart of the love which was to be her destruction. Stella, in these pages is a passionless and somewhat faded beauty with a caustic tongue, who has nevertheless a hold over Swift which the attractions of her rival cannot break. That the Dean was really in love with Esther at one time is more than likely, and the strange part he chose to play between these women is made more intelligible in this novel than in any biography. It was a terrible fate which placed the destiny of a girl like Esther in the keeping of such a man, whose aberrations constantly bordered on the insanity which was the dread of his life. Throughout the book the sympathy of the reader goes out strongly to this loving and passionate woman, and her despair and death after Swift's desertion are profoundly moving. If Mrs. Woods is right in her portrait of Stella, then Thackeray's famous passage in the "English Humorists" about the lady who is "one of the saints of English story" is a piccio of superfluous eloquence. "Saints in their injuries, devils being offended" is Iago's summary estimate of women, and certainly a touch of the diabolical in Mrs. Woods's "Stella" would be a pleasant relief from her acidulated saintliness.

HERRICK'S WORKS.

The Works of Robert Herrick. Edited by Alfred Pollard, with a preface by A. C. Swinburne. Two vols. (London: Lawrence and Bullen.)—Mr. Swinburne's catholicity of appreciation in poetry is pleasant and comely to behold; but his way of rising upon the eager wings of his own words into a sort of fury of admiration and rage of praise, though it provides an impressive and beautiful spectacle, is, perhaps, more chivalrous than critical. Long ago, in his tempestuous youth, he told us how every individual line of "Christabel" had "its own heavenly beauty." One may have the liveliest delight in that wonderful fragment—that fairy palace which the Afreets left half-built—and yet, on turning to certain passages, may find difficulty in discovering that "heavenly beauty" which, we are assured, every separate line can show. For instance—

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.

The heavenliness of the beauty here is not obtrusively apparent to the average earthly eye. In the preface with which he enhances the interest of this beautifully produced edition of Herrick, Mr. Swinburne is less indiscriminate in his panegyric; indeed, he is justly severe upon that occasional license of fancy, not to say impropriety of language or indelicacy of allusion, which it is so natural and becoming on the part of Mr. Swinburne to reprove. Herrick himself excused his lapses of this sort on the ground that although his muse was "jocund," his "life was chaste"; but that somewhat specious plea cannot shelter the jocundity of Herrick's muse from the condemnation of so austere a censor. On the score, however, of Herrick's purely literary excellences, his distinguished encomiast exhausts the vocabulary of laudation in the way to which he has accustomed us. To dissent from the judgment passed upon a lyrical poem by a critic who is himself one of the most sapient and splendid of lyrists argues an audacity which many readers will doubtless call presumption; nevertheless, I risk such reproach. I frankly avow myself a heretic with respect to the poet who, in Mr. Swinburne's view, is the crowning flower of Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Carolean song. It will not avail to argue that Herrick "surpasses all his rivals in quantity of good work": what has quantity to do with the question? A single song like the immortal one in "Valentian" or in "The Two Noble Kinsmen" or in "Campions" outweighs, as nobody knows better than Mr. Swinburne, a whole volume, a whole library, of ordinarily dainty ditties. Now here, I submit, is an average song of Herrick's—not, of course, so good as his best, but considerably better than his worst; in fact, a representative sample—

ON LOVE.

Love bade me ask a gift.
And I no more did move
But this, that I might shift
Still with my clothes my love:
That favour granted was;
Since which, though I love many,
Yet so it comes to pass
That long I love not any.

From league after desert league of verse like this, turn to Carew, with his—

Ask me no more, where Jove bestows,
When Jove is past, the fading roe—
or to Daniel, with his "Echo, daughter of the air," or to the inspired cavalier who sang—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more;

and we feel that, although Daniel can be dull, and Carew can sink to mirier depths than even Herrick sounded, the best work of these men, while unsurpassed for spontaneity and charm, has also a loftiness and nobleness of tone compared to which Herrick's grace is somewhat infirm and flaccid.

Unlike Mr. Swinburne, I think that the best of Herrick's songs are in every case the popular and familiar ones; though to say this is no doubt to brand oneself a Philistine and forego all hope of saving one's soul alive. At his choicest, his work has a delicacy of fragrance and a sweet fragile sort of lowness unlike anything to be found elsewhere, though he never touches the heights scaled by several lyrists of that age; and to such an indisputable classic as Herrick this charming and most admirable edition is a fitting tribute. Mr. Pollard's work as an annotator is a model of everything which annotation should be; and the only thing one can regret is the absence of an index to titles—an omission for which the index to first lines does not entirely make amends.

WILLIAM WATSON

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Defoe's Minor Novels," edited by George Saintsbury. *Pocket Library*. (Percival and Co.)
- "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay." Vol. III. *The Cream of the Diarists and Memoir Writers*. (F. Warne and Co.)
- "Pensions and Pauperism," by J. Frome Wilkinson, M.A. (Methuen.)
- "Slaves of the Sawdust," by Amye Read. (F. V. White and Co., 31, Southampton Street.)
- "Lyrics and Sonnets of Wordsworth. *Stott Library*. (David Stott, 370, Oxford Street.)
- "Jules Bastien-Lepage and his Art: a Memoir," by André Thennys. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Queen Elizabeth," by Edward Spencer Beesly. *Twelve English Statesmen*. (Macmillan.)
- "The Musical Directory Annual and Almanack, 1892." (Rudall, Carte, and Co., 23, Berners Street.)
- "The Life and Works of John Arbuthnot," by George A. Aitken. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.)
- "Miss Mereweather's Money." Two volumes. By Thomas Cobb. (Ward and Downey.)
- "The Alien Invasion," by W. H. Wilkins, B.A. (Methuen and Co.)
- "Nevermore." Three volumes. By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan and Co.)
- "A Strange Eloquence," by W. Clark Russell. (Macmillan and Co.)
- "Recollections of a Happy Life." (Marianne North.) In two volumes. By Mrs. John A. Symonds. (Macmillan and Co.)
- "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins, 1851-1870," selected by Miss Georgina Hogarth, edited by Laurence Hutton. (James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "The Ruin of the Soudan: Cause, Effect, and Remedy," by Henry Russell. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "The Dog Owner's Annual, 1892." (Dean and Son, 160a, Fleet Street.)

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EASTBOURNE.



COMPTON PLACE: GARDEN FRONT.



THE DINING-ROOM AT COMPTON PLACE.



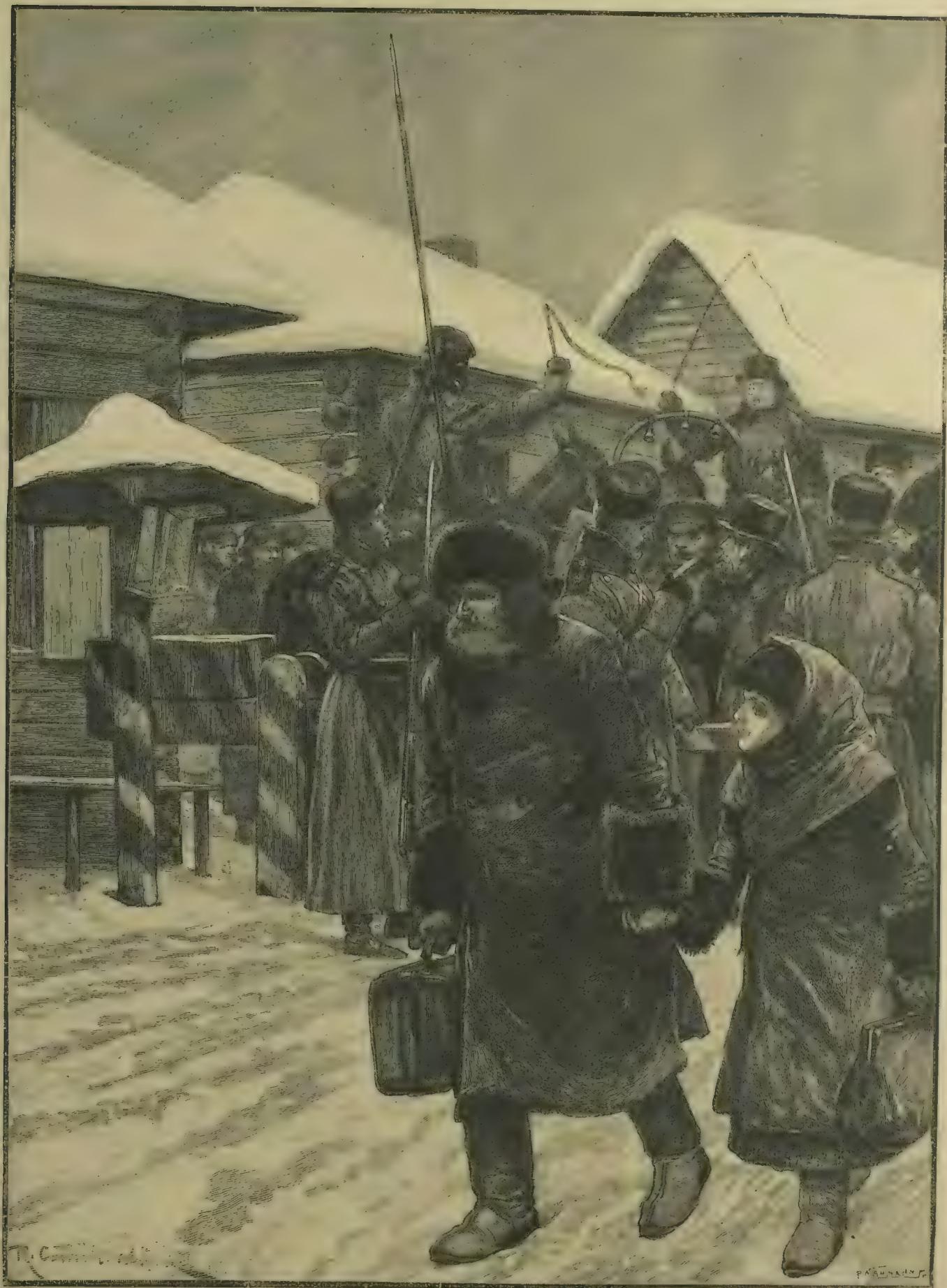
COMPTON PLACE, THE EASTBOURNE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.



TERRACE IN THE GROUNDS AT COMPTON PLACE.



THE MARINE PARADE.



THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA: EXAMINING PASSES AT THE ENTRANCE TO A CITY.

SIXTY POETS AND A'

BY ANDREW LANG.

There is a Scotch song about "A Hundred Pipers and a'" which has an enlivening refrain. But "Sixty Poets and a'" (and to this number Mr. Traill unkindly calculates that we have attained) can exhilarate no mortal. Sixty poets, all "minor," and there are a great many more minor poets than the *Sixty*, as nobody knows better than one whose waste-paper basket is *le tombeau de la Poésie*. How can we console ourselves in the presence of so many high souls unappreciated, whose works mainly exist as "remainers"? Mr. Traill cruelly reckons this humble writer among the *Sixty*. It is unfair thus to remember the excesses of youth and the foibles of early middle age. I renounce my sixtieth leaf of the bays, I scratch for the *Parnassus Handicap*, and beg to suggest, as a substitute, the author of "Tales from Boccaccio." If I do not misread Mr. James Payn, he feels that one poet has been omitted from Mr. Traill's list. There are, at least, two volumes against him in his *dossier*, and, if it is fair to run in, it is unfair to leave Mr. Payn out. Is there to be one law for the Rich (in literary qualities) and another for the Poor? Is there no way of getting rid of the fatal brand of M.P., Minor Poet? Why are the withers (whatever they may be) of Archdeacon Farrar to be unwrung, if having dropped into poetry is to be remembered against one? I wish to plead extenuating circumstances. I fell into bad company; the Ballade influenza was raging; I did not mean any harm, and I will never do it again: "not if it was ever so," as Facey Rumford said. No doubt many of the rest of the *Sixty* are not finally impenitent, are sorry they sang, and are ready to take off their "singing robes," and swear never to put them on again. Let Mr. Traill preach to the impenitent, in he addresses a convert. Besides, he is a poet himself, and has recaptured a number of rhymes, while others slit through the mouths of men.

Seriously, even fifty-nine poets are far too many. One marvels what they think of it all themselves. First, what do they think of their own poems? next, what do they think of the rest of the three-score? I would gladly hold a high opinion of human nature: I cannot suppose that *all* these *Sixty* believe in themselves, that they are the *Sixty* against the sense of humour. The merest frivolous acquaintance with the Theory of Chances demonstrates that we cannot have sixty poets all going on at one time. Nature is not equal to such a prodigious *partus temporis*. For how many poets from the whole of times past since Beowulf do we reckon and remember? There are Chaucer, Gower (whom nobody reads, and quite right too), Spenser, Surrey, Nash, Barnefield, Constable, Chapman, Shakspere, Marlowe, Wotton, Donne, Snelling, Carew, Fletcher, Beaumont, Lovelace, Montrose, Shirley, Pope, Dryden, Crashaw, Herrick, Herbert, Vaughan, Addison (unread as a poet), Johnson, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, Scott, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Byron, Southey, Hoggy—it would be difficult to run the number up to fifty, taking in Campion and other Elizabethan warblers. I do not think that more than eighty are quoted in Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." Mr. Palgrave neglected no solitary good thing, as of Wolfe, for example; so the other English poets of the ages must be more or less failures. What chance is there, then, that if six centuries only yield some seventy poets worth counting, one age of fifty years will produce its *Sixty* "to its own cheek," as the vulgar say? The odds are enormous—the odds are incalculable against this miracle. Let the *Sixty* lay this plausibly to heart; not about their neighbours—about them they have no delusions—but about themselves. I do not remember encountering many minor poets who were enthusiastic about many of their contemporaries. These gentlemen—and ladies—they rather regard with the calm judgment which the outer world, the throng, applies to themselves and their productions. Consequently we may, perhaps, say that the *Sixty* do not believe in the *Sixty*—not *en bloc*. I believe in some of them myself; tortures would make me confess who they are (or confess, indeed, anything else), but nothing short of tortures. The rest I sincerely pity, or rather congratulate, if they believe in themselves. It were well if Mr. Traill could give us some statistics about the sale of our works. I know it took me fourteen years to sell five hundred copies of a book of sublime poetry, in spite of the exertions of one capitalist, who bought a heavy "bull" of this commodity. I know that of one magnificent epic (mine) fourteen copies were vended last year, "of which two for America." The teeming and cultured population of the great States absorbed two copies! exactly as many as the natives of the Mississippi Valley took of "Tom Jones" in the same space of time. These unfatiguing statistics *donnent furieusement à penser*. Now suppose, in the interests of the argument, that I am an average modern poet, as far as sales go. Say that many are more popular, and a few yet more devoid of an appreciative audience. This may give a sale of 6000 copies annually, among the *Sixty*, and I doubt if it really amounts to anything like that. We cannot live on that, consequently we are amateurs. But I appeal to the rest of the *Sixty*. Gentlemen and ladies, are you satisfied with the public demand for your strains? If not, do you blame the public, or untradesmanlike competition, or do you not begin to perceive that nobody wants to listen while you pour forth your souls in premeditated art? The public would buy a good poet, if it could get him, or a bad poet, if he suited the public. Perhaps,

like a Parliamentary candidate, we are "too high-toned, and not well enough known." Few of us can be quite so very credulous as to believe in posterity. The obvious conclusion is that we had better leave off publishing new poetry. We never would be missed. There is no anxious demand for more. A solemn question may be put to the *Sixty*, Do you ever buy each other's poetry, and, if so, what proportion of the *Sixty* do you patronise? What do you do with the books of such members of the *Sixty* (not being your personal friends) as send them to you in pure charity? What Mr. Matthew Arnold used to do we know; he did not even place presentation copies in such positions of humble usefulness as the replies to his own theological criticisms.

Perhaps these words may fall in fruitful soil. I can imagine a meeting for purposes of penitence and humiliation, in which many a member of the *Sixty* will burn his singing robes (which are of no use to the general public) and solemnly renounce the art. We might send Mr. Traill a round robin expressive of remorse and of our determination never to do so any more—not if our hearts are broken (but that is an old story), not if our patriotism is aroused, not if ever so many other poets die or get married. At the very least, we might surely take a kind of pledge against sonnets. Nothing can occur but some ladies and gentlemen fire off sonnets about it in the *Athenaeum* and other periodicals. It is so easy not to write a sonnet! At first there may be a morbid craving, but we should face it and master it. We might write down the rhymes, and see that they were correct, without putting in the rest of the lines. Gradually the demon would lose his hold over us. I am persuaded that poetry is only a bad habit, in most cases, and may be conquered by a resolute man or woman. It does no particular harm to the general public, and is infectious only in a small percentage of cases. But to English common-sense we owe it not to be so numerous. Let the next Census find a gratifying diminution of poetry.

KAPURTHALLA.

Kapurthalla is a native State in the Panjab, most efficiently governed by his Highness the Maharajah Jagatjit Singh, who



THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALLA, IN THE PUNJAB.

is now in his twentieth year, and was invested with full power in the November of last year. The young prince has been most carefully educated under English tutors, and the results are most satisfactory, as there is not in the whole of India a more progressive and enlightened ruler. Possessed of exquisite taste, refined manners, and high educational qualifications, his State is steadily and yearly improving, his subjects prosperous and happy, and devoted to their chief. The capital contains very fine buildings, such as the two magnificent palaces and the Durbar Hall (which answers to our townhall), all of which are lit with the electric light. The Maharajah retains his native dress, but his new palace is furnished in English style and decorated with curios from all parts of the globe; his drawing-room is exactly like what you would see in England, and a fine billiard-room opens out of it—indeed, is visible from it, as only curtains of magnificent Indian fabric divide the two rooms. The Maharajah is an ardent sportsman, imports dogs from England; he is also a great tennis-player, goes in for tricycling, has several boats and a water-velocipede. The Maharajah's uncle, Kanwar Narain Singh, with his charming wife, has just been making a stay of some months in London. They sailed for India in October last, leaving their three boys—bright little fellows of nine, eleven, and thirteen—in England for their education.

The statue of the Duke of Connaught, by Mr. G. Wade, which is about to be erected at Hong Kong in commemoration of his Royal Highness's visit, is now completed, and is on view at the sculptor's studio, where it has just been inspected by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

Under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., there has just been started an "Association of Lancastrians in London," the object of which, as its name implies, is to bring together natives of Lancashire resident in London. The subscription will be devoted to assisting persons suffering from any public calamity or accident in the county, or in aid of the funds of any Lancashire charity. The secretary is Mr. Thomas Illewit, of 150, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

It is understood that the designs for the sovereign, half-sovereign, crown, half-crown, florin, and shilling which Sir J. Lubbock's committee have selected for recommendation to the Treasury are not all the work of one hand. The competing artists were Mr. Armstead, R.A., Mr. Birch, A.R.A., Mr. Brock, R.A., Mr. Ford, A.R.A., Mr. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. Thornycroft, R.A. Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., and Mr. Woolner, R.A., who were also invited to prepare designs, declined to compete. The committee suggest that the four-shilling piece should be withdrawn.

ART NOTES.

M. Théophile de Bock, three score and ten of whose works have been brought together at the Goupil Gallery (116, New Bond Street), may be entitled to the encomiums lavished upon him in the prefatory notice to the catalogue. It is, however, not the less true that the style of his art is too monotonous in treatment and colour to sustain a "one man" exhibition. Perhaps the most interesting part of it is that it allows one to see what a Dutch painter—evidently born and bred in the traditions of Dutch landscape and its art—is able to make of Barbizon and the home of the French Romantics. To these his work shows much affinity, especially in the treatment of foliage; but it is in rendering of broad stretches of sandy dunes and expanses of silvery light that de Bock is seen at his best. His teacher, one can see, has been nature, of which he is an intelligent, if not always a poetic, exponent.

Early spring visitors to Paris will find some important alterations and additions to the sculpture galleries of the Louvre. Two new rooms—the *salle* of *Miletus* and the *salle* of the *Meander*—have just been arranged for the reception of works from Asia Minor exclusively. The former contains the splendid remains of the temple of the Didymean Apollo, discovered by M.M. Razet and Thomas, and presented to the Louvre by the brothers Rothschild; the sculpture figures from the temple of Assos, given, in 1838, by the Sultan Mahmoud to Louis Philippe; and the various specimens of Bithynian and Mysian antiquities presented by M. W. Waddington and M. de Choiseul-Gouffier. The *salle* of the *Meander* contains the frieze of the temple of Artemis Leucophryne—which has been so arranged that some idea of the original design can now be ascertained—and the results of the labours of the French school of Athens in Caria, Cilicia, and Magnesia, especially in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, including the interesting letter of Darius I. to the satrap Gadarat.

The interest awakened in the woodland lake of Nemi by Mr. Frazer's fascinating book, "The Golden Bough," gives additional value to the relics found by Lord Savile on the site of the Temple of Diana, and presented by him to the Art Museum of Nottingham. The sacred grove or sanctuary of Diana, which overhung—

The still, glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Arie's tree.

had for many centuries enjoyed peculiar privileges, and was the centre of numerous poetic myths. Foremost among these was the legend of the Golden Bough, of which the king-priest of Diana was the guardian. But Nemi was the home also of the nymph Egeria, the tutelary deity of the stream—now diverted to provide Albano with water!—and of Virbius, otherwise Hippolytus, hidden by Diana amid the recesses of these woods from the wrath of Jupiter. The scene of so many legends could not fail to disclose some traces of its former importance in the religious history of the Greco-Romans, and Lord Savile's protracted search was at length rewarded by the discovery of the site of the old temple and of many interesting remains in terracotta, bronze, marble, &c., bearing more or less upon the worship of Diana. The date assigned to these objects is from 300 B.C. to 80 B.C., and we are glad to be able to announce that Mr. G. Harry Wallis proposes to issue an illustrated catalogue of these antiquities, classified and described, which cannot fail to be of use and interest to every student of Italo-Greek civilisation.

The little handbook on "Oil Painting on Glass" (Winsor and Newton) by Mr. Thomas J. Gullick contains a brief account of this branch of art, which has been practised in Italy for the last two centuries at least, and was revived in Rome a few years back. No one, perhaps, contributed more to stimulate its practice in this country than Mr. Gullick himself, and he can therefore speak with authority on the subject. His handbook is so clear and his directions to intending artists are so explicit that little, if any, actual instruction is needed. The results obtained will, of course, depend in all cases upon the taste and skill of the painter; but so far as the technique of the art is concerned its secrets are here laid bare, and it requires only the discerning spirit and the deft hand to turn them to pleasant and profitable account.

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers has added Mr. Herkomer to, and lost Mr. Walter Sickert from, its list of members. The outside world might possibly be induced to support the exchange with that equanimity which it often displays in bearing troubles not its own. Mr. Sickert, however, thinks otherwise, and calls the world to witness (in the *National Observer*) how the President and Council of the Society of Painter-Etchers are false to their art and to their lady patroness, the Queen, by admitting among their number the illustrator of "An Idyll," published last year, in which nine out of the sixteen etchings were mechanical reproductions of pen-drawings by the versatile artificer-artist of Bushey. Into the ethics of the publishing trade we will not venture; the question at issue is one which concerns Mr. Herkomer and the subscribers to his volume; but it may be fairly supposed that the Painter-Etchers were justified in giving the very widest meaning to the art they represent, and in recognising in Mr. Herkomer the degree of proficiency which they deemed necessary for membership. They recognised the truth of the old adage "*Pubrum eass sue quenquam fortunae*," "Every man is the carver of his own fortune," and if Mr. Herkomer found the pen as useful an implement for this purpose as the graver, they were not called upon to object. Presumably, it was on the etchings he had done, not upon those he had not done, that he was elected to the society. His election, however, has been the cause of some brilliant—and verbose—protests, especially from Mr. Joseph Pennell, whose chief quarrel, however, is with Mr. Herkomer's theories rather than with his practice of the art of etching. He travels somewhat at random over the Royal Academician's career, and—

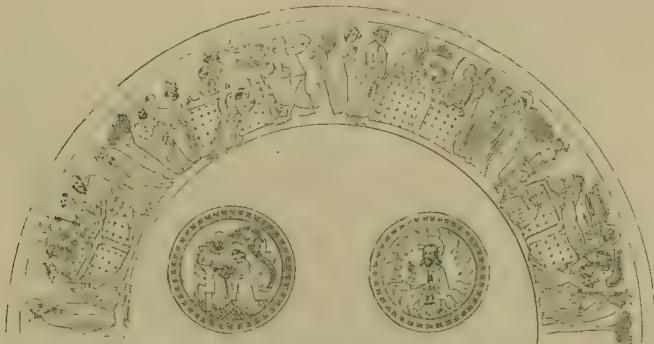
With retrospective eye
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why;
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what he chanced was what he meant to do.

AN INTERESTING ROYAL RELIC.

The preservation of authentic relics of the different periods of English history, distinguished by successive royal dynasties, the Plantagenet, the Tudor, the Stuart, the Hanoverian, and the Victorian, has probably gained more attention of late years from the instructive special exhibitions, the last of which is now being held. An object of great value and beauty, and of sufficient antiquity, being five centuries old, to form a memorial of the romantic age of the English wars in France, before our Wars of the Roses, is now in the possession of Messrs. Wertheimer, of Bond Street. This is a solid gold cup, with a cover, finely enamelled and decorated with pictures of the life of St. Agnes, which was made in the fourteenth century, it is believed, for Charles V., King of France, who reigned from 1364 to 1380, passed to his successor, Charles VI., and was given to one of the kings of England, either to Henry V. or to Henry VI., in the fifteenth century; possibly on the marriage of the former to Katharine of France, but more likely on the marriage of Margaret of Anjou to Henry VI. It should be understood that the costly and elaborate piece of goldsmith's work has undergone several additions and transformations at later periods, having been further adorned with two coronals of leaves and pearls, and with Tudor roses, while it belonged to the treasures of the English Crown. A critical examination by Mr. Wilfrid Cripps, C.B., who is an authority upon these matters, leads to the opinion that the work is of three distinct dates. The exquisite enamels on the cover are probably French of the late fourteenth century; the coronals of pearls and the necessary additions are, without doubt, English, fifty or more years later; while the upper part of the foot, with its Tudor roses, should be of the time of Henry VIII., who also added his favourite "crown imperial" in place of the original knob which dated from Henry VI., and which, from the description, must have been composed of jewels. It is considered by no means improbable that this may be the famous gold hanap, "esmaillé de la Vie de Sainte Agnès," which appears in the inventory of Charles V. of France in 1380. The cup actually in the possession of our own monarchs is repeatedly described in several English royal inventories, of Henry VI., Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James. It is beyond doubt that this cup was finally given by James I. to the Constable of Castile, John Velasco, who in 1604 was sent to England to negotiate a treaty of peace with Spain. There is a Latin inscription on the foot of the cup, to the following effect: "The Constable John Velasco, returning from England by the favour of the



GOLD CUP WITH COVER, ENAMELLED, GIVEN BY THE KING OF FRANCE TO HENRY VI.



ENAMELLED DESIGNS AROUND THE BOWL, AND CENTRE MEDALLIONS WITHIN.

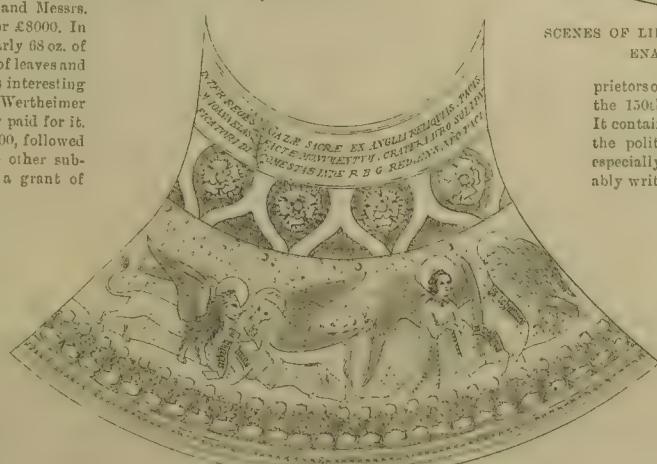
English king, gives to Christ the Peacemaker a cup of solid gold, a memorial of the peace made between the monarchs, and a relic of the sacred treasure of England." Velasco wrote and printed an account of his embassy to England, mentioning the gift by King James to himself, of "a great quantity of plate, and chief among the presents three cups or ciboria, one of which was of great antiquity, with enamel and pictures of saints." This last article was, no doubt, the cup which Velasco, in 1610, presented to a convent near Burgos; it was brought to Paris nine years ago by a Spaniard, who sold it to Baron Jerome Pichon, a well-known collector; and Messrs. Wertheimer have bought it from Baron Pichon for £8000. In its present condition, the cup and cover weigh nearly 68 oz. of pure gold, but the final ornament and one coronal of leaves and pearls are wanting. It is proposed to acquire this interesting historical relic for the national collection. Messrs. Wertheimer have liberally agreed to sell it for the price they paid for it. Mr. Drury Fortune offered a subscription of £500, followed by the late Mr. Samson Wertheimer, and by five other subscribers of equal sums. The Treasury promises a grant of £2000, leaving £2500 to be made up by other subscriptions. Mr. A. W. Franks, C.B., of the British Museum, one of the contributors, is in charge of the fund.

We present several illustrations of the cup and cover, noting some differences in weight and description that can easily be accounted for. The cover is domed, and is composed of two plates, of which the upper is richly enamelled with five scenes from the life of St. Agnes. The final ornament and a coronal of leaves and pearls are now wanting, and fully account for the difference between its present weight, 68 oz., and the 79 oz. given as the weight in the Treasurer's accounts of James I. Within the cover and in the centre of the bowl are two medallions, also in enamel. The outside of the somewhat shallow bowl is enamelled with a

continuation of the history of the saint. The high foot consists of three portions, the uppermost being of coarse work, with Tudor roses, and over a part of it has been placed the slight band on which Velasco records his connection with it. Below the Tudor addition is the original foot, enamelled in the same style as the bowl, with the symbols of the



SCENES OF LIFE AND MARTYRDOM OF ST. AGNES, ENAMELLED ON THE COVER.



FOOT OF CUP, ENAMELLED WITH SYMBOLS OF THE EVANGELISTS; INSRIPTION, TUDOR ROSES, AND BOTTOM CORONAL OF PEARLS.

Evangelists; this, again, is supported upon a moulded plinth edged with a coronal of leaves and pearls, like that which formerly bordered the cover; and it can be shown that these two coronals contained exactly the right number of "garnishing pearls" mentioned in the inventories.

The appearance of the cup is so fresh and the colouring so brilliant that persons not technically experienced would have some distrust as to its being an ancient work. The material being gold, always a precious possession, has naturally led to its being handled with greater care than if it had been of any baser metal. The gold background also enhances to an astonishing degree the splendour of all the colours. The method of enamelling is technically known as translucent on relief, the designs being sunk in the metal, and the details chiselled in low relief at that level. The cavities are then filled with the transparent enamels, the surfaces of which are polished level with the gold ground, and the design is seen clearly through the richly tinted medium. The chiselling of the many figures composing the subjects is of the highest excellence, and shows a hand skilled by long experience in the details of the craft. The tiny faces of the actors in the dramatic legend of St. Agnes, though barely a quarter of an inch in length, are as full of character and individuality as a medal of Pisano. Nor is the more mechanical operation of enamelling done with less skill, and the intrinsic beauty of the cup as a work of art may be said to equal its undoubted importance as an historical relic. Passing from the treasury of one of France's wisest kings, it formed an ornament of our royal treasure house during an eventful period of our national history.

The late Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte has left to the nation his valuable collection of metals, which is now in course of arrangement at the Science Museum, South Kensington. "The collection," says *Nature*, "is rich in specimens of the rarer metals. This bequest is the result of a promise made to Professor Roberts-Austen, the Prince having been much interested in the Percy Collection at South Kensington. The Prince's early papers, which were mainly chemical, comprised an account of a method of separating cerium from didymium; and he used to refer with pride to his having won admission to the ranks of the Legion of Honour by chemical research."

The German Emperor has accepted, with approving thanks, a copy of the finely printed volume published by the pro-

prietors of the *Schlesische Zeitung*, at Breslau, to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the establishment of that journal. It contains, in 316 pages, a comprehensive historical review of the political and social progress of North Germany, but especially the province of Silesia, during a century and a half, ably written by Dr. Carl Weigelt, and is well deserving of perusal, independently of the record of Breslau local and municipal affairs, and of changes in the form and management of the old newspaper—almost the oldest now existing in Europe. Beginning with the annexation of Silesia to the kingdom of Prussia by Frederick the Great, it proceeds through the Seven Years' War, the wars of the French Revolution, and with Napoleon, the German War of Liberation in 1813, the Revolutionary attempts of 1848 and following years, the Schleswig-Holstein disputes, the conflict with Austria in 1866, the last war of Germany with France in 1870, and the formation of the new German Empire under Prussian royal leadership; in all which national efforts, it appears, Silesia has loyally and bravely taken its part. It is interesting to survey those great events of modern history from the provincial point of view,

THE LATE ADMIRAL

SIR PROVO WALLIS, G.C.B.

The famous centenarian senior officer of the Royal Navy, Admiral Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, whose hundredth birthday was celebrated on April 12 last year, died on Feb. 13, at his residence near Chichester, "lying in Blanket Bay under Cape Royg," as he joyously said in the last letter he dictated, and is now well over "the Harbour Bar" of our Poet Laureate's contemplation, as all landsmen and seamen alike must expect in the natural course of life. This fine old veteran of the British maritime service had been in it almost ninety years, entering, as small boys used to do, with a nominal rating, in his infancy, but was a midshipman on board the Cleopatra, a thirty-two gun frigate, some time in 1804. That ship was captured by the French Ville de Milan, after a long action, in 1805, and was retaken in a week. Provo Wallis was then a naval cadet; he served in the Triumph and Bellona, and in November 1808 obtained his commission of Lieutenant, with the command of the Curieux, in the West Indies; in 1810 he performed the gallant action of cutting out an enemy's vessel in St. Anne's Bay, Guadalupe, but the Curieux also was unlucky, being wrecked on a hostile coast. He next served on board La Gloire, taking part in a notable engagement with two French frigates and the batteries at Anse la Barque, and was present at the surrender of Guadalupe. After this, he became second lieutenant of the Shannon, forty-four gun frigate, commanded by Captain Broke, the celebrated ship which, on June 1, 1813, in the brief war between Great Britain and the United States of America, challenged and fought a naval duel with the American frigate Chesapeake, off Boston harbour. In this action Captain Broke was dangerously wounded, and Lieutenant Watt, the senior lieutenant, was killed, so that Lieutenant Provo Wallis succeeded to the command. He carried the Shannon and her prize, the Chesapeake, safely into the harbour of Halifax, Nova Scotia, which was his native place; for the young lieutenant was born in that colonial town, where his father, Mr. Provo Featherstone Wallis, in 1791, was chief clerk



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR PROVO WALLIS, G.C.B.

in the Royal Naval Yard. Lieutenant Provo Wallis received a special letter of thanks from the Admiralty, and was immediately promoted to the rank of Commander, besides such tokens of honour as the war medal with three clasps, and various public acknowledgments on his return to England. He afterwards commanded the Snipe, but was not again personally engaged in any fighting actions to the end of the French War. Being made captain in 1819, he commanded successively several other ships, one being the Madagascar, with which, in 1833 and 1839, at Vera Crn, he watched the operations of the French fleet on the coast of Mexico, and was thanked for his protection of British merchants and their property; again, in 1844, when the Prince de Joinville bombarded the towns of Morocco, namely, Tangier and Mogador. Captain Provo Wallis, commanding the Warspite, rendered similar services; and he next year commanded a ship of Admiral Sir Charles Napier's squadron on the coast of Syria, at the bombardment of Acre. From 1847 to 1851 he was a Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. In August 1851 he was made a Rear-Admiral; in 1857, Vice-Admiral, and placed in command of the squadron on the South American coast; his later promotions were to be Admiral of the White, in 1863, Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom, in 1869, Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom, 1870, Admiral of the Fleet, Dec. 11, 1877. It was decided, as a unique honour to him, that the name of Admiral Sir Provo Wallis should be retained on the active list so long as he lived. He was knighted in 1860, and made a Grand Commander of the Bath in 1873. Sir Provo Wallis was twice married, his second wife being a daughter of the late General Sir Robert Wilson. He enjoyed good health during the whole of his long life, and only took to bed this winter to avoid catching cold. Lady Wallis survives her husband. His death will cause the promotion of Admiral A. F. R. de Horsey to be Admiral of the Fleet, of Vice-Admiral Sir John Kennedy Erskine Baird to be Admiral, and of Rear-Admiral James Elphinstone Erskine to be Vice-Admiral; and it will also give Captain H. H. Rawson, C.B., his flag.



MEMORIAL SERVICE IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.—MR. IRA D. SANKEY SINGS: "SLEEP ON, BELOVED; SLEEP, AND TAKE THY REST."



THE LATE MR. C. H. SPURGEON.—FUNERAL AT NORWOOD CEMETERY: THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. SPURGEON.

A succession of notable manifestations, alike striking and impressive, attended the funeral of the late Mr. Spurgeon. On Feb. 9 a crowd variously estimated at from fifty to a hundred thousand persons filed through the Metropolitan Tabernacle to look at the coffin. On Feb. 10 there was a series of memorial services, the vast building being repeatedly full of successive congregations from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight. The service at eleven was confined to members of the Tabernacle church and its organisations. At this service a prominent feature was the presence of the children from the Stockwell Orphanage, neatly dressed in mourning. The meeting opened with the hymn "All hail the power of Jesus's name," after which the Rev. Dr. Angns and the Rev. Dr. Pierson delivered addresses. As one huge congregation filed out another filed in, and

this second gathering was not less remarkable, being composed exclusively of men and consisting of ministers and students of all denominations. Many clergymen of the Church of England were present, and one well-known metropolitan clergyman, the Rev. Canon Fleming, pronounced an eloquent panegyric on the eminent Nonconformist, in which he said that "Spurgeon had made them feel that the Bible was a book not to be suspected, not to be apologised for, but a book to be believed, trusted, and received with docility as the very Word of God." The third meeting, at 7 p.m., was for "Christian workers of all denominations and Church members other than members of the Tabernacle," and in this also an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. G. T. Palmer, rector of Newington, took part. The final meeting was for the general public, and here the service was opened by the Rev. Mr. Mackay, while Mr. Manton Smith and Mr. Fullerton were the principal speakers, Mr. Sankey

singing a sacred song. On Thursday, Feb. 11, there was a final service in the Tabernacle, at which all denominations were largely represented. The funeral procession, which is said to have extended considerably over a mile, passed through a district which seemed to be observing a day of mourning.

At Norwood Cemetery the crowd was immense. Here the procession was headed by the students from the Pastors' College. They were followed by the coffin, with the open Bible lying upon it and the touching tributes of affection which had accompanied the wreaths and flowers sent for the burial.

The funeral service itself was of the simplest character—a hymn, a prayer, a few words of commendation of the dead, and the benediction. The Rev. Dr. Pierson offered up prayer. The Rev. Archibald Brown then said a few words, and the Bishop of Rochester brought the service to a close with the beautiful and familiar words of the Benediction of the Church.

THE FÊTE OF ST. SEBASTIEN.
IN TWO FYTTEs.

FYTTÉ I.

My associations with St. Sebastian are of a mixed character, and, so, attending his fête in the remote mountain village of Castellar, near Mentone, they are more mixed than ever. I now have three associations with his name instead of two—

1. "What saint required no garters?"—St. Ses-bas-se-tiennes! Gow!

2. "What saint is always represented by the older painters as a middle-aged, careworn man transfixed with a single arrow, and by the more modern artists as a sentimental stripling pierced with innumerable shafts and wearing a sickly smile?"—St. Sebastian!

3. "What saint appears to delight in rustic brass bands, dancing in the ring, and much *rin du pays*?"—Again—and this is my latest addition to the lives of the saints—St. Sebastian!

It was the close of January at Mentone. The languid air stole across the sunless Mediterranean; for two days we had had no sun, yet it might have been an average day in an English June for mildness. The oranges and lemons hung clustering thick on the trees in the gardens of the Louvre Hotel, beside the rows of stately palms. A camellia shrub stood out of doors in full bloom. The soil is sown with violets. As my carriage, with a pair of good horses—there seem now no bad horses in Mentone—climbed the winding rocky road, from which I looked down into a valley of citron and orange fruit, embedded in a feathery blue-green haze of olive vineyards, the whole divided by a babbling mountain torrent parting the irregular precipices, I could not help thinking—especially as I passed the little mountain churchyard, half-filled with English people who come out here to die—how sad it is that they

don't come here a little sooner and get saved. Others make a mistake at the other end—they leave too early. "He is Mr. Waddy, Q.C., M.P.," said a gentleman to me. "He is just beginning to get some good, and so he immediately turns back to his law in London." We are entering the heart of the mountains. I look back down a perfect Vale of Tempe; the high sea-line of the blue Mediterranean, now streaked fantastically with violet and green as the sun at length peeps out, is cut on one side by the Cap Martin and on the other by the straggling promontory of Bordighera; the pale lemons gleam like silver beneath us, and the oranges like gold sparks all among the blue-grey olive-trees. We are close on the extremity of the rocky fir plantations. The naked granite wastes, down which the snow is still trying to creep, are above us; the clouds are toying with their peaks. I am going to the Feast of St. Sebastian at Castellar. I see, by a carriage close behind me and another yonder in front, that others are going, too, poor dupes! Women are gathering spoils from the terraced olive-trees, men are shaking the boughs, children here and there pick up the oranges which lie rotting in unregarded plenty like apples in the Canadian orchards; but where is Castellar? After an hour's drive we see a rough wall and parapet, an out-standing log hut. Presently a sharp curve brings us to the entrance of what is apparently an old deserted fortress like a watch-tower perched on the summit of a rock. We are at once in the market-place. Not a soul appears. A "bier" shop—an inn—but no sound of voice or footfall. From a top window an old woman looks out, probably the oldest and apparently the only inhabitant. The principal street leads out to the piazza—dingy, narrow, overhanging, picturesque—that is to say, ramshackle. A slattern girl is minding a baby on a rocky doorstep, a couple of women come and go out of a dark passage, an old man smokes a cigarette on a wine-cask, and a lame dog runs yelping away. It is the Feast of St. Sebastian! At the end of the deserted street stands, in another deserted piazza, the deserted church. I enter. Plenty of wax candles, unlighted, at the high altar; tawdry saints in wax and wood and chaffrons; paper roses—I am the only votary. It is the Feast of St. Sebastian! Is it? I emerge. Several curious stragglers are already outside, a few more carriages have arrived from Mentone. We now feel as if we wanted our money back. We ask a loathsome beggar for some explanation of the deserted appearance of the town. He assures us "It is the Feast, &c." A blind woman who knits and nods her head confirms him. Yes, surely "It is, &c." Bah! I will get to the bottom of this fraud. We turn and consult with our fellow-dupes, who can get nothing out of their coaches except that "It is, &c." Suddenly a bright-eyed boy points to the mountain—away! away! Yes, no doubt everyone is away, gathering the olives. The feast is next Sunday, though to-day is St. Sebastian's Day. As we return, we meet other carriages climbing up with more dupes. The coaches exchange sly twinkles; we let our tourists pass without warning them, like those who silently leave a crowd where they have been taken in by a "cheap Jack" without telling the rest. The view has been fine; it has cost fifteen francs—half an hour on foot would have done as much for nothing. *Dimanche!*—then the Feast of St. Sebastian!

FYTTÉ II.

The English congregation has streamed out of the substantial and showy little church at Mentone after listening to a Colonial bishop in the morning. The hotel *déjeuner* is over; little groups are divided in opinion in the hall as to whether it is lawful to be present at a dance anywhere on a Sunday or

at a fête in honour of a Roman Catholic saint on any day. At last the honest Sabatarians having trotted off to hear another bishop in the afternoon—a suffragan this time. Those who, like myself, do not hold what the Roman Catholics stigmatise as the *figmentum Anglicanum* of identifying Sunday with the Sabbath wend their way up the mountain to see Castellar en fête, if possible.

Threading the vine terraces and olive slopes far down and high up the valley, and all along the winding road, come in straggling lines the gaily dressed villagers from remote hamlets for miles round—all bent upon reaching the rocky summit of Castellar, with its scanty table-land. As again I enter the town—it is along with troops of holiday-makers—in the centre of the market-place I can just see over the heads of the motley crowd a brass band raised on an improvised scaffolding of poles, boards, and wine-casks. I can hear them too, worse luck!—the most nasal, trumpery, tumultuous music, with an irrelevant bass and a hectic treble. I push my way to the scene of action, and climbing on to the back of the hustings I peer into the dancing-ring, defined by a rope and rustic garlands. Girls and thick middle-aged women are being slowly and with some difficulty heaved round by anxious swains; the steering is vague, the bumps, given and taken in silence, frequent. The odd thing about it all is that everyone looks so grave and preoccupied: the movement is evidently unaccustomed and seems uncomfortable; those are most at ease who move least and jump about a little till displaced by other couples. But somehow I begin to feel I may not have understood the ceremony. "Tis not one of outward gaiety but of inward absorption. The gentle, funeral-like motion—steps there seem none—is possibly a sort of mutual magnetisation; some of the girls seem half asleep; and the swains are dreaming too, as they support, with clutches more like hugs, their heavy and inelastic partners. One girl endeavours to combine the eating of sweets with the pensive motion,

army? Then a long adieu between maid and lover, mother and son—and not one of those rustic revellers can tell who are to be the victims. This, indeed, aids a strange pathos to all the solemn dancing and the simple frank love-making. Poor swains and lasses, love while ye may! The shafts of the dreaded Conscription are already winging their way to many a heart, and will prove as fatal to your loves as those famous arrows were once to the life of your patron saint—may he look down kindly upon you all!

The sun is down behind the purple hills, but the sky is still all aglow—the crowd breaks up into groups. Hark! from yonder church at the end of the long street rings out the "Angelus"; doubtless the wax tapers are alight now, and presently the sacred edifice will be thronged. It is the Feast of St. Sebastian!

H. R. HAWES.

THE YOUNG ORANG-OUTANGS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The house in the gardens of the Zoological Society which was for so many years tenanted by Sally, the well-known chimpanzee, is now occupied by a couple of young male orang-outangs from Borneo. These have been deposited by Mr. Janrach, the son and successor of the well-known naturalist. The orang, so named after a Malay word signifying "Man of the Woods," is one of the large manlike, or anthropoid, apes; when full grown, however, it only reaches 4 ft. 4 in. in height, and its arms are sufficiently long to touch the ground as it stands erect. In this country the orang always appears to be languid and melancholy, but is said to be active in the warmer climates of the Eastern tropics, even when in captivity. The brain of the orang is one of the most human in its structure, and could they withstand the severity of our climate there is little doubt that the specimens now in the Gardens would rival Sally in docility and intelligence. They are, however, very youthful, not having shed their milk-teeth, but, young as they are, they are worthy a visit from all interested in "our poor relations."

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Now that all is over, it may be remarked that Mr. Spurgeon's death brought out very emphatically the variety of public opinion which is mostly not vocal. At first journalists were inclined not to make much of the subject, and at least one London correspondent went so far as to say that Mr. Spurgeon had long been out of the public mind and was little more than a relic of the past. Many declared that Cardinal Manning was more prominent in the public eye than the Dissenting minister. Even some of the religious papers seemed to think that a perfunctory treatment of the theme was enough for their readers. The extraordinary, and, in some respects unparalleled, demonstration at his funeral services has sufficiently negatived this assumption.

There is no harm in mentioning now that Mr. Spurgeon had to face during his last year the possibility of a very serious split in his congregation. In dismissing the assistant minister and bringing an American preacher to fill his pulpit during his absence, Mr. Spurgeon did not consult his people. This, indeed, was not his custom. He would not allow them to hold a church meeting during

his absence. But he found that a section among them strongly resented this action, and, had it not been for the magnanimity with which the assistant minister acted, a disruption was inevitable.

In these circumstances it is not likely that any election for the pastorate will be unanimous or enthusiastic; but there is no practical doubt either that Mr. Archibald G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, will be chosen, or that he will accept. Mr. Brown went even further than Mr. Spurgeon in denouncing "Down Grade" tendencies and in separating himself from other Baptist ministers; but it is difficult to see how the Orphanages, the College, and other institutions started by Mr. Spurgeon can be kept going on, unless on a fairly catholic basis.

It cannot be said that the Rev. R. W. Randall has received more than his due in his appointment to the deanery of Chichester. The great Vicar of Leeds, Dr. Hook, got, it is true, nothing more; but that is quite the darkest stain on the history of Church preferment in our times. Mr. Randall has well earned his comparative rest, but Clifton loses a man whose skill in organisation and admirable efficiency as a parish priest have obscured to some extent his very great powers as a preacher—powers which we may be sure will be duly recognised in Chichester Cathedral. At Bristol, the changes in the cathedral are being made very cautiously, and Dean Pigozzi is drawing very large congregations.

It is said that the Rev. J. G. Tetley, the Vicar of Highnam, near Gloucester, will succeed Canon Randall in All Saints', Clifton. The living is for this term in the gift of the Bishop.

The number of confirmations in the Church is steadily increasing. In 1872 the number was 118,000, in 1891 it was 214,531. One million and a half is contributed yearly by Churchmen for the purpose of church extension alone.

The late venerable Dr. Phillips, President of Queen's College, Cambridge, had many claims to respect, but his Oriental scholarship was of a somewhat primitive and unscientific kind, and his books are not likely to be much referred to in future. He did notable service, however, in helping to establish the Semitic and Indian Languages Tripos in Cambridge, an institution which has more than justified itself.

V.



YOUNG ORANG-OUTANGS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

TWO POET-PAINTERS.

The Life and Letters of Samuel Palmer. (See my and Co.)
The Letters of James Smetham. (Macmillan and Co.)
 We have bracketed these two works, not because they deal with two men whose lives were in any way interlaced, but because they refer to two artists almost equally unknown to the public at large, who, from very different starting-points, were often inspired by the same feelings and aimed after a common ideal. Both, in a way, were essentially religious men and religious painters, but neither succeeded in producing any work which in the least degree revealed to the world the sentiments by which both were stirred. Probably both would have already been forgotten in the few years which have elapsed since their death—Palmer in 1881 and Smetham in 1883—had it not been for the literary gift which each possessed, as is testified by the two volumes now published, the perusal of which will, we think, be found more satisfying and more explanatory of an artist's life and ways than half the books, biographical and autobiographical, which have attracted public attention.

Samuel Palmer was the more original man of the two, and his eccentricities, to which his letters are the best clue, were doubtless in no small degree due to the influences under which he had grown up. His father was a bookseller and Baptist preacher in Walworth; but his Nonconformist opinions did not prevent him from obtaining a nomination for his son at Merchant Taylors' School, where Samuel Palmer was entered in May 1817, being then twelve years old, but apparently he only remained a short time. In later years he put on record that he was a "free-thinker" at fourteen, but he soon became, and afterwards remained, an staunch Churchman. What was more important at that age than his opinions was his unexpected success in selling his first exhibited picture at the British Gallery in 1819, and in being represented by three others at the Royal Academy in the same year. Happily for himself and his art, he attracted the notice first of Stothard and shortly afterwards of John Linnell the elder. The first gave him good advice, and tickets for Flaxman's lectures at the Royal Academy; the latter was the means of his becoming associated with Finch, Calvert, George Richmond, and, above all, Blake. The house of the "Interpreter," as Blake was called, became the meeting-place of "the Ancients" whose watchword was "Poetry and Sentiment," but by none was his influence as a mystic and a master so deeply felt as by Palmer. His art was always in close relationship to religion, and his diaries contain frequent records of his "working with faith," of prayer for divine inspiration and the like. The pictures produced under these influences were chiefly drawn from Biblical history—visions of the story of Ruth and Naomi—and they presented few qualities which would give them a claim to modern revival. In 1826, however, Samuel Palmer removed to Shoreham, in Kent, and for seven years devoted himself to the study of Nature in all her various aspects. The woods and hollow lanes, the dark stones and golden harvest-fields, impressed themselves on his imagination, and when he returned to London he had stored his mind and cultivated his imagination to such profit as may be judged from his illustrations to Milton, Virgil, and other poets of country life. Blake, Milton, and Claude, in fact, became and remained the sources of his work. In 1843 he finally abandoned oil painting and devoted himself to water colours and etching, and it is by such works as "The Dell of Connos," "The Water-Mill," "The Dawn," his contributions to the Etching Club, and his "Eclogues of Virgil" that he will be best known to posterity. This volume, which

contains, in addition to specimens of his work with brush and needle, the cream of his correspondence with his contemporaries, will be valued by all who can appreciate the most original-minded poet-painter of this century in England.

James Smetham was also the son of a Methodist preacher. He was born at Pately Bridge in 1821, and was brought up at Woodhouse Grove in Yorkshire, where he showed his bias to art at an early age. His father articled him to E. J. Wilson, the architect of Lincoln Cathedral, a devout adherent to Gothic architecture, who set him to draw all the figures about the Minster. Smetham, however, wanted to be a painter, not an architect, and De Wint, happening to pay Mr. Wilson a visit, advised him to let the lad have his way; so in 1843 Smetham came to London, and entered as a probationer in the Royal Academy, but before he could be elected he was called away, and a cloud seems to have settled on his mind and spirits. After exhibiting at the Royal Academy for two or three years, he was appointed drawing-master at the Wesleyan Normal School, Westminster, where he married the teacher of one of the schools, and thus, having become "independent of painting as a means of livelihood," he had "five days in the week for picture-making." Perhaps there is nothing more striking in this fascinating volume of Smetham's correspondence than the practical evidence it affords of the apostolic saying "Godliness with contempt is great gain." It is impossible to read a few pages of his letters without recognising the depth—as distinguished from the surface—of his religious feeling, of his total freedom from envy, hatred, or malice.

As for his art work, it was recognised by Ruskin as displaying more than ordinary merit, to whom he really owes his higher aspirations, and was not less appreciated by Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and others of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood in whose footsteps he trod. His first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1851 was "Christ at Emmaus," and the last, in 1869, the "Hymn of the Last Supper," which was bought by Mr. Budgett for 300 guineas—a small replica of the same being sold to Lord Mount-Temple for 120 guineas. But he seemed to care very little whether his own pictures sold or not, although he was eagerly anxious that the public should appreciate his friend's works. Like Palmer, he was occasionally inclined to mysticism, or rather to quietism, in his religious moods; but he had the outlet of verse-making, which Palmer had not. His letters abound in delightful scraps of self-analysis, of literary criticism, and artistic appreciation. He was never so happy as when helping others, or in "monumentalism," "putting everything outside of himself" as marks on the road-march of life. He describes himself in his diary: "I am a monumentalist, an artist in a original field—a field where you can see over the hedge into literature, morals, and religion." He had little care for fame, and, though he worked industriously, would often put away a picture without finishing it. Towards the end of his life he, like Palmer, took to etching, and received much encouragement from Mr. Ruskin, who, while admiring his work, wrote, "Don't work so finely, and don't draw so much on your imagination." It was the labour which he gave himself which rendered his efforts at book-illustration unsuccessful; but so highly was his work appreciated by those who knew it that when he announced his intention of etching his own designs and issuing them to subscribers, upwards of six hundred sent in their names. These were subsequently collected under the title of "Studies from an Artist's Sketch Book." The last few years of his life were covered by a cloud, and for some time before his death, in February 1889, he was

lost to his friends. What that loss was these letters, collected by a pious hand, partially reveal. And few who take up the volume will lay it down without a sense of obligation to the editor who has with so much taste and judgment brought to the better knowledge of the world one who deserved wider recognition than he obtained during his lifetime.

Journalism in the East appears to be subject to eccentricities from which we, with our rigid ideas of diurnal or other regularity, are free. The *Arakan News* published the following editorial on Jan. 2: "While wishing our readers (subscribers and non-subscribers) a very Happy New Year, we must apologise to them for not issuing our paper last Wednesday. Our excuse is this: our whole staff—including the editor—were so much knocked up with the excitement of the sports last Saturday that on Sunday they were laid up with what our readers will charitably call Arakan Fever. Monday was fixed as settling-day for certain bets made on Saturday, which, unfortunately for this paper, were won by the wrong side. As the losers could not stamp up at once, the winners bombarded and took possession of the office and the press, and refused to vacate until payment was made. On Tuesday the staff of this paper in turn assailed those in possession, and after a hard-fought battle routed them; but it took all Wednesday and Thursday to collect and arrange the forms and the type, which had been freely used as missiles in Tuesday's battle. The proprietor complains that he could not get the police to assist him, as most of them were suffering from a surfeit of Christmas dinner. But all's well that ends well."

Captain Younghusband's paper on the Pamirs, recently read before the Royal Geographical Society, glided lightly and diplomatically over his imbroglio with the Russian exploring detachments, but pictured graphically the wild and desolate highlands amid which the Central Asian question in its latest form is now centred. A series of picturesque lantern photographs served to illustrate some of the more striking gorges and peaks, most of which are found grouped around the secluded valley of Hunza, that almost inaccessible State which has so long defied the arms of China and Cashmere, but which has, at last, succumbed to the pluck of Colonel Durand and his faithful Goorkhas. Hunza is one of the spots alleged to be the cradle of the Huns, and, now that our officers are quartered in it, there will be full opportunity of investigating the linguistic and ethnological peculiarities of the region. Captain Younghusband reconnoitred the Shimshal Pass, leading into the Hunza Valley from the northern side, and advanced right up to the stone forts commanding this route into the Yarkand Valley. It is by this road that the Hunza tribes have raided for years on the caravans trading between Turkistan and India, and the audacity of a British officer running the gauntlet seems to have surprised them into giving Captain Younghusband a civil welcome. The Khan of Hunza, Saffed Ali Khan, a few years ago murdered his father, poisoned his mother, and threw his two brothers over precipices, as a preliminary towards ascending the throne. He appeared to be not unintelligent, but very conceited, and when asked whether he had ever been to India, replied that great kings like himself and Alexander never left their own country. This step, however, he has been recently induced to take, more precipitately, perhaps, than he bargained for. Captain Younghusband made good friends with Colonel Grombtevsky, the Russian explorer, and Colonel Younouff, who is reported to have warned our officers off the Pamir steppes.

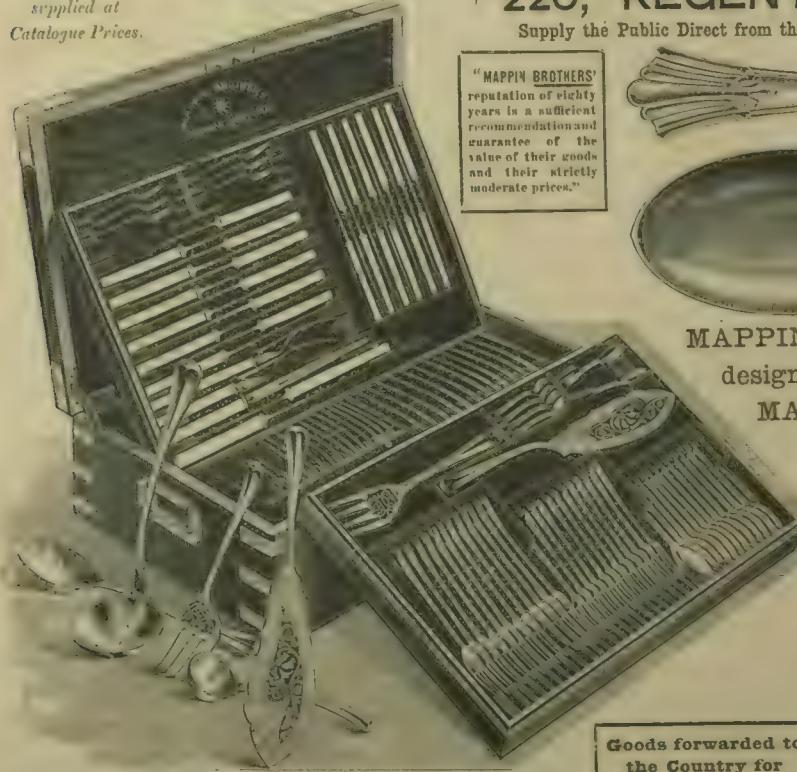
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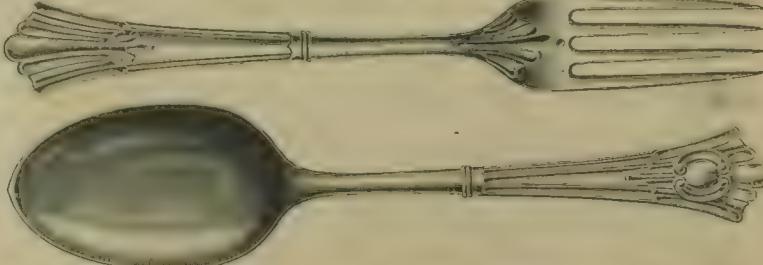
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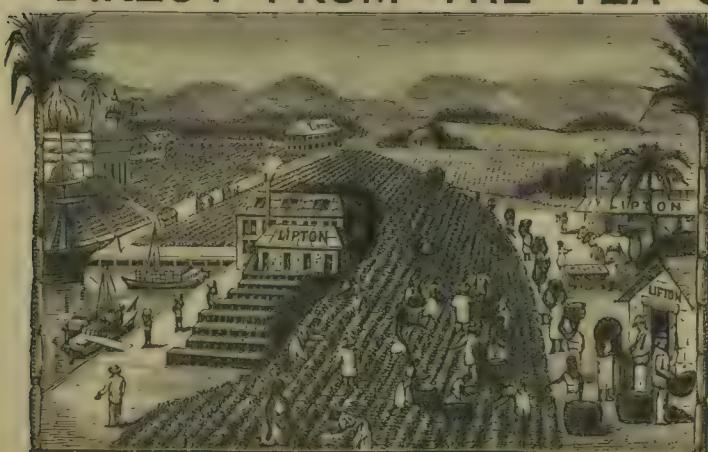
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1889) of Mrs. Phoebe Wardell, late of 15, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, and of Brighton, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Feb. 2 by Mrs. Jane Fletcher and Mrs. Caroline Phoebe Edsell, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testatrix is given £5000 Two and Three-Quarters per Cent. Government annuities each to Mrs. Arthur Potts and her daughter Edith Wardell Yerburgh; £1500 to her cousin John Charles Lowry; £1000 to his mother, Mrs. Lowry; and liberal legacies to servants and others. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third equally between Celia Adams, Eva Evans, and Mary Anne Evans; one third equally between her cousin the said Mrs. Jane Fletcher and her children, Alfred Fletcher, Mary Dollman, and Annie Griffin; and one third between her cousin the said Mrs. Caroline Phoebe Edsell and her children, Arthur Edsell, George Edsell, Caroline Edsell, Emily Edsell, and Mary Edsell.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1889), with three codicils (dated April 25 and Aug. 16, 1890, and July 8, 1891), of Mrs. Emma Katherine Bright, the widow of Mr. Richard Bright, M.P., for East Somerset, late of Stocks House, Tring, Herts, who died on Dec. 16, was proved on Feb. 4 by Henry Robert Gregan Crawford and the Rev. Henry Franklyn Wolley, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £120,000. The testatrix gives £1000 to the West Herts Infirmary; £2000 to Edward Brian Pillans; £4000 to or upon trust for each of her nephews and nieces Charles Quentin Gregan Crawford, Henry Franklyn Wolley, Emma Katherine Pillans, Edith Emma Wolley, Charlotte Louisa Basevi, Alice Portia Monck Mason, and Rhoda Florence Wolley; three freehold cottages at Aldbury, all her plate (not specifically bequeathed), furniture, pictures, books, effects, horses and carriages, and £10,000 to her nephew Henry Robert Gregan Crawford; and many other legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said eight nephews and nieces and to her nephew Arthur Limplugh Wolley, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1868), with a codicil (dated Jan. 17, 1877), of Mr. Timothy Bentley, formerly of Davenham House, Davenham, near Northwich, Cheshire, and late of Westwick, Bracknell, Berks, who died on Oct. 30, at Machrie Bay, Isle of Arran, was proved on Feb. 3 by Charles Heaton Hinde, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator bequeathes £500 and all his horses, carriages, live stock, gardening utensils, and consumable stores, to his wife, Mrs. Maria Bentley; and £1000 to his executor. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow, &c. maintaining and educating suitable for their position in life sons under twenty-one and daughters under that age and unmarried, and, subject thereto, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1889), with two codicils, of Mr. Thomas Kerr Lynch, late of 33, Pont Street, S.W., was proved on Feb. 5 by his son Mr. Henry Finniss Bliss Lynch, and Mr. Montagu Lewis Parkin, the executors, the net value of the personal estate amounting to £41,401 9s. 11d.; this however, does not include the deceased's capital in the business of Messrs. Lynch Brothers, of 3, Salter's Court, E.C., which vests in his said son, Mr. H. F. B. Lynch. The testator bequeathes his leasehold house, 33, Pont Street, and its contents to his said son, and, after giving legacies to his coachman and his daughter's maid, bequeathes the residue of his estate equally between his said son and his daughter, Mrs. Eva Caroline Kinchant, the share of his daughter and half the share of his son being settled upon them and their respective children.

The will (dated May 2, 1883) of Mr. Edwin Drew, M.D., formerly of 14, Sydney Street, Chelsea, and late of 33, Holland Park, Kensington, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on Jan. 28 by Mrs. Annie Maria Drew, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, for her sole and separate use.

The will, with four codicils, of the Rev. Charles Perry, D.D., formerly Bishop of Melbourne, late of 32, Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Feb. 2 by the Ven. Henry Frank Johnson, Archdeacon of Chelmsford, Sydney Gedge, M.P., and Frederick Scott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testator bequeathes £500 to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East; £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the Religious Tract Society; £50 each to the Colonial and Continental Church Society, the Melbourne Governesses' Association, the Melbourne Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Fund, the Melbourne Church Missionary Society for the Chinese, and the Melbourne Church Mission to the Aborigines; and conditional legacies to the Bishops of Melbourne and Ballarat for the churches of their dioceses.

The will (dated July 3, 1866) of the Right Rev. Edward Harold Browne, D.D., formerly Bishop of Winchester, late of Shales Bitterne, Southampton, who died on Dec. 18, has just been proved by Harold Carlyon Gore Browne and the Rev. Barrington Gore Browne, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The legatees under the will are testator's widow and children.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1887), with a codicil (dated July 18, 1890) of Mr. John Trumble, late of Grove House, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Jan. 30 by Frederick Trumble, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeathes twenty guineas each to William Trumble and John Cliff Trumble, his sons by his first marriage; his furniture and effects for the use of his wife, Mrs. Eliza Trumble, and his daughters Annie and

Caroline for their lives, and the life of the survivor of them; £500 per annum for the use of his wife and said daughters, for their lives, and the life of the survivor of them; and a legacy and annuity to his housekeeper. The residue of his real and personal property he gives to his said son Frederick.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1890), with five codicils (dated July 5, Nov. 6, and Dec. 9, 1890; and Jan. 23 and March 3, 1891), of Mr. John Gosden, late of Hirst House, Midhurst, Sussex, who died on Nov. 6, was proved on Jan. 8 at the Chichester District Registry by Robert Cunningham Cunningham Graham and James Lainson Gannett, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate, amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator gives his residence at Midhurst, with the cottage, stables, garden and land, furniture, plate, pictures, books, consumable stores, and effects (except some old china specifically bequeathed), and the horses and carriages kept there, to his brother James; £10,000, free of duty, upon trust, for Percy Eldridge, for life, and then for his children; an annuity to his sister; and legacies to nephews, nieces, executors, farm and domestic servants, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third each to his brothers James and Henry; and one third, upon trust, for the widow and children of his late brother William.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1889) of Sir James Risdon Bennett, M.D., F.R.C.P., late of 22, Cavendish Square, who died on Jan. 21, has been proved by Henry Selfe Leonard and Henry Selfe Bennett and Arnold James Bennett, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The provisions of the will are in favour of testator's wife and children.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1889) of the Rev. George Noel Freeling, late of Merton College, Oxford, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on Feb. 4 by Hugh Melville Freeling, the brother, and Ernest Bryans, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator bequeathes £100 to his executor, Mr. Bryans; £3000 to his brother Hugh Melville Freeling; £2000 to his brother Sir Sanford Freeling, K.C.M.G.; and £1500 each to his brother the Rev. James Robert Freeling and his sister-in-law, Charlotte Augusta Lady Freeling. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his said brother Hugh Melville.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has consented to open, on the evening of April 5, the twelfth Whitechapel Picture Exhibition, organised by the committee of which the Rev. S. A. Barnett, of St. Jude's and Toybree Hall, is chairman. Last year 70,000 people visited the picture show.

Mr. W. P. Treloar was elected Chairman of the new City Commission of Sewers at the first sitting of that body on Feb. 15. Colonel Heywood, engineer; Mr. E. A. Bayliss, solicitor; Dr. W. S. Saunders, medical officer, and other officials were re-elected.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

In attempt will doubtless be made to prove our degraded dramatic condition by the so-called success of an old-fashioned melodrama at the Princess's Theatre. I really do not think that the shouting that greeted "The Great Metropolis" proves anything at all except an anxious wish to support the enterprise of an amiable young man—Mr. Herbert-Basing. At this very theatre Mr. George R. Sims, Mr. Henry Herman, and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones did very much indeed for the popular play. They knocked some of the nonsense out of it, made it less squallid, vulgar, and commonplace, and added to it much humanity and picturesqueness; and I cannot myself believe that the good work of the author of "The Lights of London" and "The Silver King" has been so soon forgotten or is likely to be superseded in public favour by some well-intentioned but old-fashioned stuff as is contained in this same American "Great Metropolis," which has all the faults of the obsolete form of melodrama and very few of its merits. I wish in this case I could be convinced against my will, but, honestly, the new play did little else than make me laugh. With the exception of such loyal hard workers as Mr. Henry Neville—who is a tower of strength in any popular play—and Mr. Abingdon, who has vastly improved of late and evidently pines for better work, there was little in this "nailed-up" drama that I have not seen far better done in the transpontine theatre of a former era. Mr. Shepherd of the Surrey, and Mr. Frampton of the "Vic," to say nothing of Mr. Nelson Lee of the old City of London, would have been very much ashamed of themselves if they could not have provided their patrons with a better play than this. The double scene of the fight in the wherries and the apparition of the floating suicide was intended, no doubt, to be very effective, but it missed its mark; while the rescue of the drowning crew by the life-boat might have been very

accurate in detail, but was to me wholly blurred, confused, and ineffective. So there was nothing to be done but allow the comic gentlemen to exaggerate and clown just as Wright and Paul Bedford did when we were children. And I am bound to say the more they clowned the more cheers they obtained. The comic house agent and his attendant sprite, who overdid every scene, were on the first night the successes of the new play, and when the agent aforesaid took a drop too much whisky and "bayed the moon" in the intervals of tumbling up and down steps the whole house seemed to rock with excitement. The young Terriera, brother and sister, did what they conscientiously could for their worthy father's melodrama, which, if not exactly a good play, will probably serve in these days of dramatic depression and uncertainty.

While Mr. Charles Wyndham is preparing his new comedy for the Criterion—for which he has secured the services of special artists, as, for instance, Miss Elizabeth Robins and others—he has revived the old Criterion farce called "Fourteen Days." Much has happened in the ten years that have passed over our heads between then and now. Miss Kate Rorke, who was then a child on the stage, has become a "leading lady." Mr. Herbert Standing, who was so excellent as the aesthetic prison governor, has accompanied Mrs. Bernard Beere on her voyage to Australia; but the imitable "trio" remain. When Charles Wyndham, George Giddens, and Blakeley are on the stage we need no comparison between the Criterion and the best days of the Vaudeville or Palais Royal. They are all matchless in their own line. To my mind, dear old Blakeley is one of the very funniest actors on the English stage. His style is to me the very essence of fun. They may call him forced, exaggerated, what not, but I never remember one moment in his career that he did not make me "die with laughing," as the saying is. I always "make a fool of myself" when Blakeley is on the stage, and I have done so ever since he first came to London at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre and returned to the country to our infinite regret. He

possesses the true "vis comica." He makes me laugh whatever he says and whatever he does, and surely we ought to be thankful to him for these moments of delight, when we can forget care and believe that the world is peopled with such amusing spirits. But to my mind the surprise of the revival of this old play is the acting of Miss Mary Moore. It was thoughtful, artistic, finished, and of very deep significance. She has to play a woman absolutely without guile, a woman who loves her husband and is blessed with refreshing innocence. She cannot conceive that any speck of blight can be concealed under her nose. When circumstances and facts crush her faith, she does not rush into the opposite extreme of frivolity, and try to make sin and deceit square with sin and deceit on her side. No; she behaves like a refined and modest woman. She is piqued and pained; never revengeful. She accepts the situation with dignity and purity, and she makes the erring one feel very much more by her studied calm and indifference than if she had been frenzied or made vulgar with jealousy. Miss Mary Moore touches a true note of womanhood in very natural and effective manner. I am a little surprised that this change from indecision into reality has not been more speedily recognised. I have no doubt that many a time and oft this charming lady must have thought some of us were a little hard upon her. You see, we could not possibly tell what she felt, what aspirations she had, what latent artistic instinct was in her; we had to judge by results. The result in this instance is infinitely gratifying, and, having now conquered the trepidation that has hitherto bitterly thwarted her best efforts, there is no knowing what she may not do in the future. She is now mistress of herself, and she has given us a picture of a true woman. Let her go on boldly and take courage. Voice, manner, charm, are all in her favour. But now, and suddenly, she has become—not too late—inspired with truth and tenderness.

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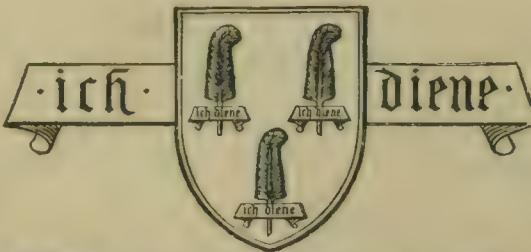
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winter misery behind you at the Addison Road turnstile, which you cannot do on the Adriatic. Just at this time a couple of years ago I was in the real Venice, and I don't suppose I was ever colder in my life. When east winds are blowing, I believe Milan and Venice to be worse than Siberia. The winds do not merely chill you; they flog you to death. Venice in Italy cannot be heated by any warming apparatus, but Venice in London can, and the directors may be earnestly congratulated on the result. What with the warm water, the light, and the draught-excluders, no one need shiver in Olympia; and if you want a thorough baking go and stand in front of Dr. Salviati's fiery furnace when they are making some curious specimen of Venetian glass, with a base of sea-horses, dragons, or "hippocampi." It is a delightful dream spot, one of the most wonderful shows that this enterprising age has ever given us. Buffalo Bill was curious enough, Barnum was startling, but never before have the artistic and the daring been so happily blended as in this reproduction of old Venice. I have recently paid Olympia my first visit, and I had no idea from what I had heard that the charm of the place was so irresistible. We are all supremely selfish creatures, and I will own that I often envied the late King of Bavaria, who had a mania for solitary musical festivals at Munich and Wagner's operas performed on his private lake at moonlight, with no audience but swans and birds. Now, if I were King of Bavaria, or any monarch who had the directorate of Olympia under my thumb, I should,

one Sunday afternoon, put a Browning into my pocket, let myself into Olympia with a pass key, take a gondola, and traverse the watery ways of the silent city—possibly not quite alone. Then we might read "In a Gondola" as we threaded the canals, and see where the lovers' assignation was made, and the place of the murder of the beloved by the "fatal three." And then we might change the scene, and see "Tristan and Isolde" performed all to ourselves on the magnificent Olympian stage, and go home intoxicated with music and art. You see, the King of Bavaria made one fatal mistake—he liked absolute solitude. My amendment would be a *soltate à deux!*

Miss Alice Longfellow, eldest daughter of the poet, still lives in the old home at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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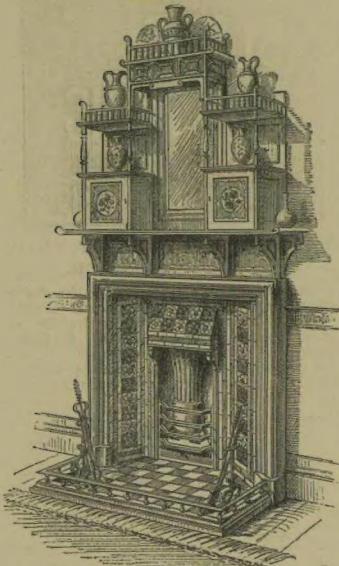
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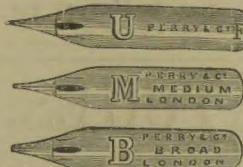
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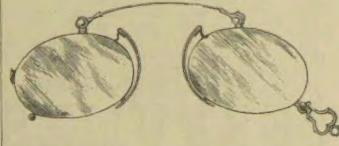
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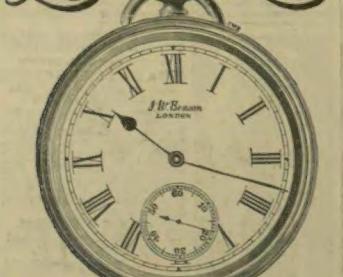
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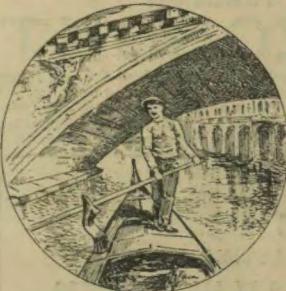
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